

SUPERBOY

AUG.

No. 131

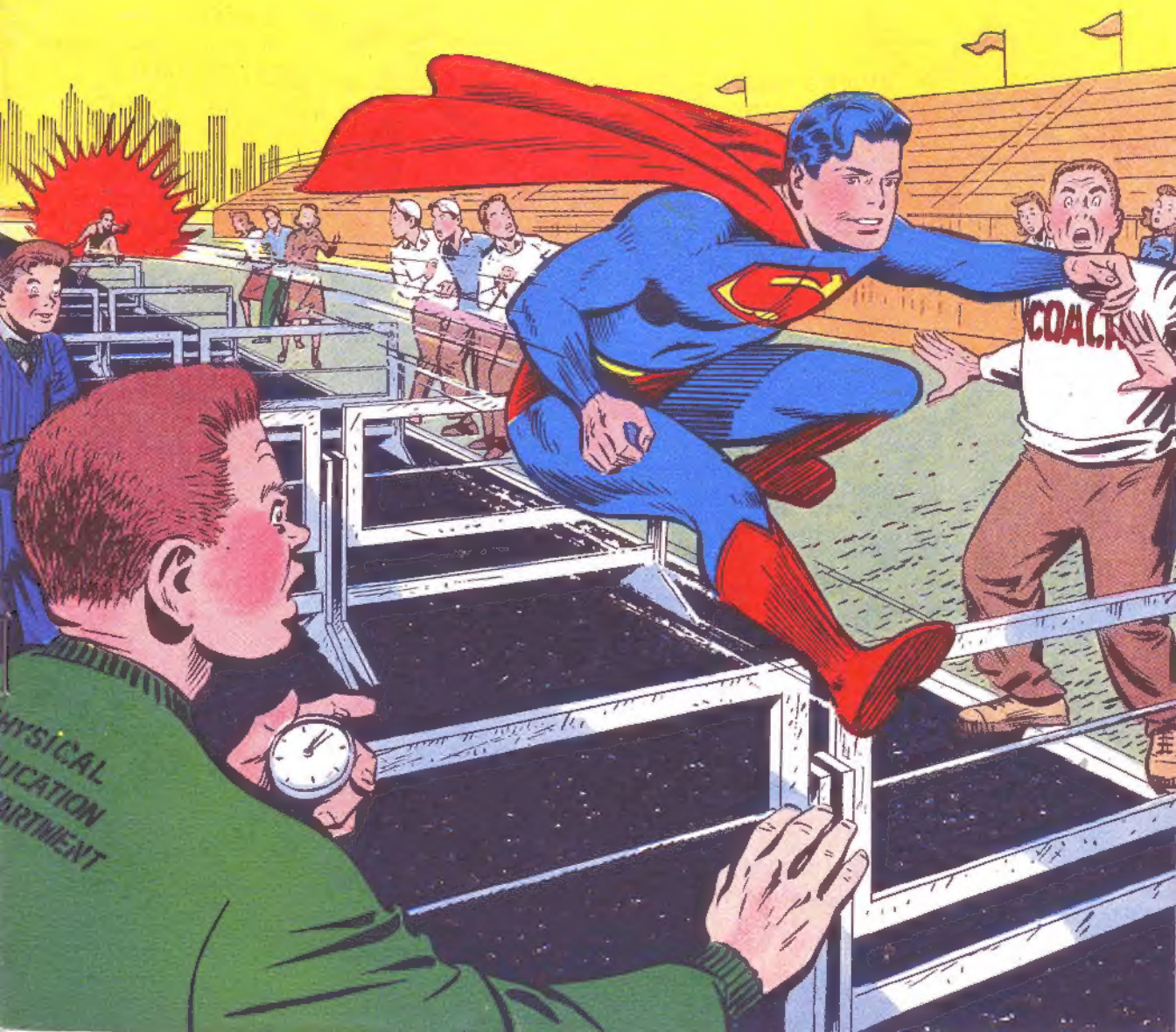
**Ten
Cents**



Adventure COMICS

A 52-PAGE MAGAZINE

**YOU'LL BE AMAZED
BY WHAT HAPPENS
when
THE BOY OF STEEL
becomes
"The
MILLION
DOLLAR
ATHLETE"**

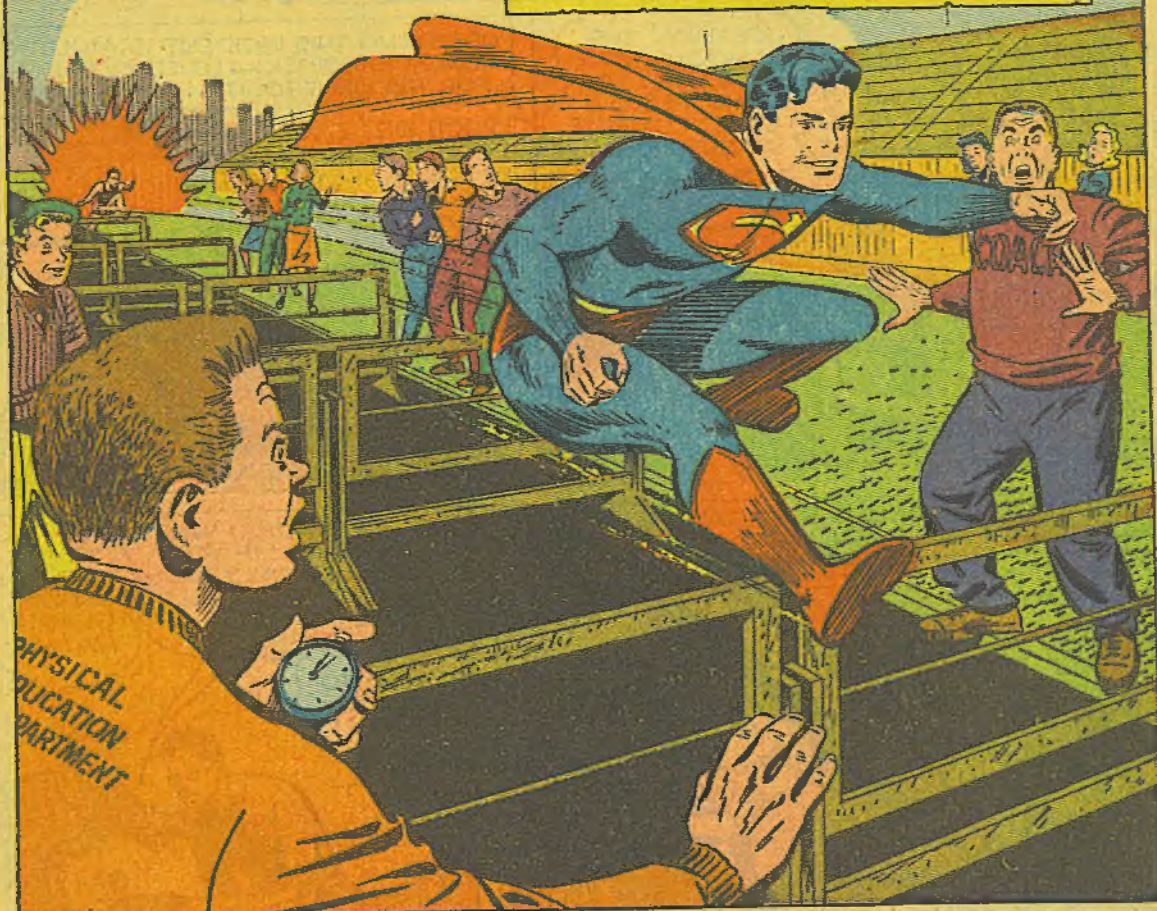


SUPERBOY

*The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN
WHEN HE WAS A BOY!*

CAN YOU IMAGINE SOMEONE TEACHING SUPERBOY HOW TO POLEVAULT HIGHER THAN ANYONE ELSE IN HIS SCHOOL? CAN YOU IMAGINE SOMEONE TEACHING SUPERBOY HOW TO THROW A FOOTBALL FOR A RECORD DISTANCE? WELL, THESE THINGS DON'T EXACTLY HAPPEN TO SUPERBOY BUT TO CLARK KENT... AND SINCE CLARK KENT IS SUPERBOY, IT AMOUNTS TO THE SAME THING! WHAT HAPPENS, THEN, IS AMUSING AND CONFUSING AS WE VIEW THE TRIALS OF...

**"The MILLION-DOLLAR
ATHLETE!"**



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Printed in U.S.A.

THIS IS NOT A HAPPY SCHOOL DAY FOR YOUNG CLARK KENT. AND IT'S EASY TO UNDERSTAND WHY...

I'M SORRY, CLARK... YOU'RE NOT MY TYPE: A GIRL LIKES A FELLOW WHO'S ATHLETIC! YOU'RE SO TIMID!

BUT, BETTY...

GOLLY! IF ONLY I COULD TELL BETTY I'M NOT REALLY TIMID... THAT I JUST PRETEND TO BE ... SO NOBODY WILL GUESS I'M SUPERBOY!

HI, DREAM GIRL! HOW ABOUT A SODA?

HMM! I'D LOVE IT!

JOE DALY! THE SCHOOL'S STAR ATHLETE! A TIMID FELLOW CAN'T COMPETE AGAINST HIM!

OBSERVING THIS INCIDENT IS ATHLETIC COACH KANDINSKI... LOVED BY STUDENTS FOR HIS GENEROSITY...

POOR KID! I WISH I COULD HELP HIM IN SOME WAY!

SUDDENLY... A FOULED BASEBALL HURTLIES AT BETTY'S HEAD AND...

WOW! WHAT A CATCH!

CLARK, YOU WERE TERRIFIC! IF YOU COULD ONLY BE LIKE THAT ALL THE TIME...

TRYING TO CUT IN ON ME, CLARK! HA! HA!

SORRY I HAD TO PUSH YOU, BETTY!

2

AS BETTY AND JOE WALK AWAY, SUDDENLY...



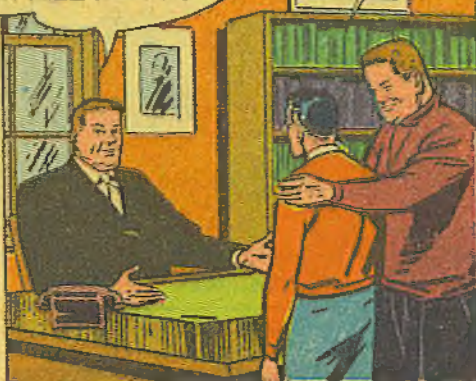
WHAT TIMING! WHAT SPEED! SON, I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU THE SCHOOL'S STAR ATHLETE... WITH THE KANDINSKI METHOD!

BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE AN ATHLETE!

CLARK'S PROTESTS ARE CUT SHORT AS COACH KANDINSKI EXPLAINS TO THE SCHOOL PRINCIPAL, AND...

WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL, YOU'LL FACE AN AGGRESSIVE WORLD! BEING TIMID MIGHT CAUSE YOUR LIFE TO BE A FAILURE! IF COACH KANDINSKI CAN GIVE YOU CONFIDENCE, I'M ALL FOR IT!

OH, GOLLY...



YESSIRREE, BOY... BY THE TIME I'M THROUGH TRAINING YOU, YOU'LL BE A MILLION-DOLLAR ATHLETE! I'LL MAKE YOU THE MOST POPULAR BOY IN SCHOOL!



SO CLARK IS TAKEN TO THE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM...

FIRST... I'LL TEACH YOU THE ART OF SELF-DEFENSE!



I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS! I'LL PRETEND TO BE A HOPELESS PUPIL!

HIT IT, DON'T PAT IT!

OUCH! THAT HURT MY HAND!

THAT'LL FOOL HIM!

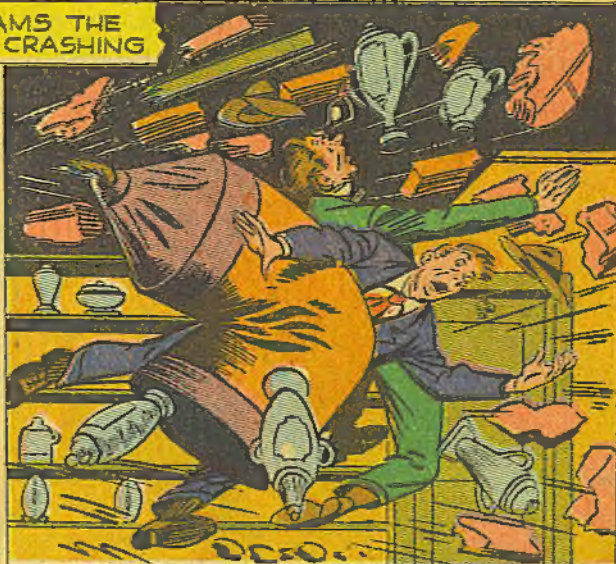


ABRUPTLY, CLARK'S AMAZING X-RAY VISION REVEALS A SURPRISING SIGHT IN THE ADJOINING ROOM...

OH-OH! THIEVES... STEALING VALUABLE SPORTS TROPHIES! AND I CAN'T CHANGE TO SUPERBOY WHILE COACH KANDINSKI IS WATCHING. WHAT CAN I DO?



ABRUPTLY, WITH ONE BLOW, CLARK SLAMS THE PUNCHING BAG LOOSE AND SENDS IT CRASHING THROUGH THE GYM WALL!



WHILE COACH KANDINSKI INVESTIGATES THE THIEVES, CLARK SLIPS INTO ANOTHER ROOM AND...



BUT WHEN THE DRIVER SEES SUPERBOY APPROACH...

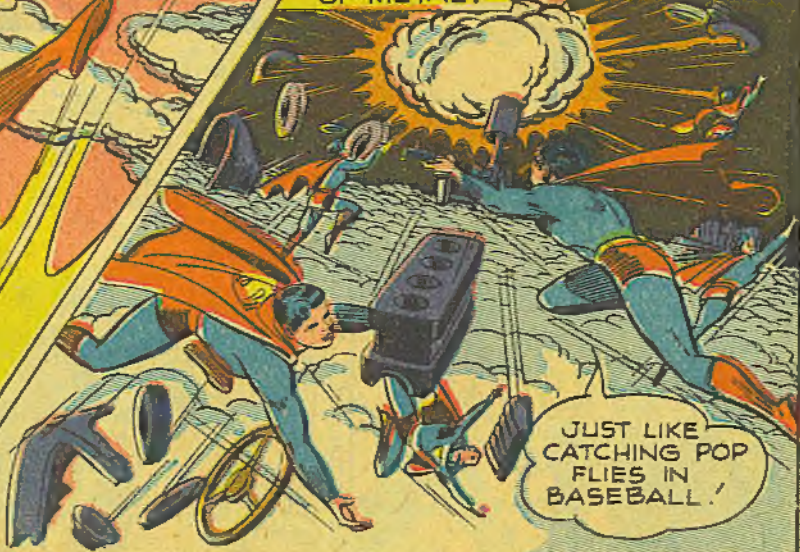


OH-OH! HE'S RIGGED A BOMB TO KEEP ME BUSY WHILE HE MAKES A GETAWAY!

LUNGING FORWARD, SUPERBOY KICKS THE CAR LIKE A FOOTBALL, FAR INTO THE SKY!



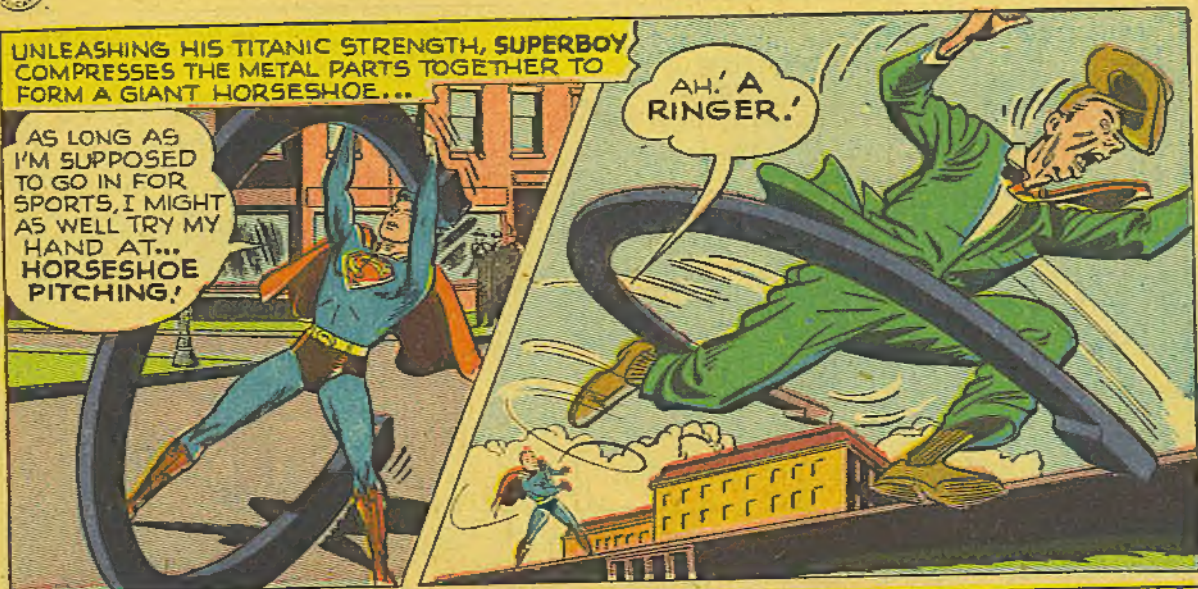
AS THE CAR EXPLODES, SUPERBOY SWIFTLY SNAGS THE FALLING BITS OF METAL!



UNLEASHING HIS TITANIC STRENGTH, SUPERBOY COMPRESSES THE METAL PARTS TOGETHER TO FORM A GIANT HORSESHOE...

AS LONG AS I'M SUPPOSED TO GO IN FOR SPORTS, I MIGHT AS WELL TRY MY HAND AT... HORSESHOE PITCHING!

AH! A RINGER!



LATER, AFTER SUMMONING THE POLICE...

SLIPPING AWAY UNOBSERVED, SUPERBOY WORKS FAST...

THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF ROBBERIES OF TROPHY CUPS LATELY, BUT THEY'LL STOP NOW THAT WE'VE GOT THE CROOKS... THANKS TO SUPERBOY!

AND DON'T FORGET THAT FLYING PUNCHING BAG. I STILL CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW KENT SENT IT THROUGH THE WALL!

OH-OH!

BY RUBBING THE TORN END OF THE ROPE SWIFTLY, I'LL MAKE IT LOOK VERY OLD AND WORN. NOW... BACK TO CLARK KENT!

AND WHEN COACH KANDINSKI INSPECTS THE ROPE...

LATER...AS THE COACH TEACHES CLARK HIS METHOD OF POLE-VAULTING...

HMMM! NO WONDER! THIS ROPE IS ALL WORN. WHEN YOU HIT THE BAG, IT TORE AWAY AND ITS WEIGHT SENT IT SWINGING OUT TO CRASH THROUGH THAT FLIMSY WALL!

THAT'S AS GOOD AN EXPLANATION AS ANY!

THAT'S IT, CLARK... UP YOU GO!

OH... THERE GOES BETTY... WITH JOE AGAIN!



SO ANNOYED AT THE SIGHT IS CLARK THAT HE FORGETS HIMSELF—AND LEAPS TOO FAR!

MOVING FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, CLARK KENT LITERALLY LEAPS OUT OF HIS CLOTHES...



MY CLOTHES WILL GIVE COACH KANDINSKI THE ILLUSION THAT I'M STILL IN THEM!

IT ISN'T TRUE! NOBODY CAN TELL ME IT IS!

OH-OH! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO COVER UP MY MISTAKE!

FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF LIGHT, SUPERBOY FLASHES TO A NEARBY JUNKYARD...

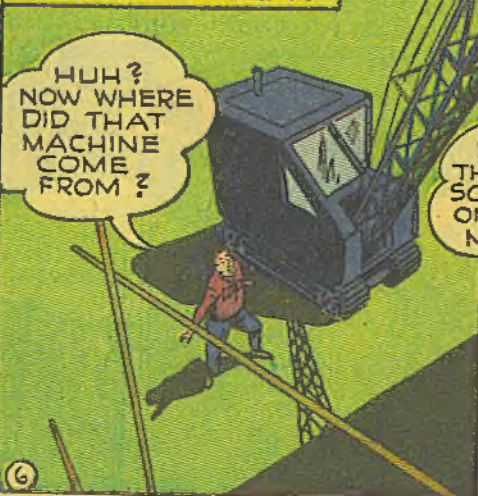


I'LL JUST BORROW THIS ELECTRO-MAGNET FOR A WHILE!



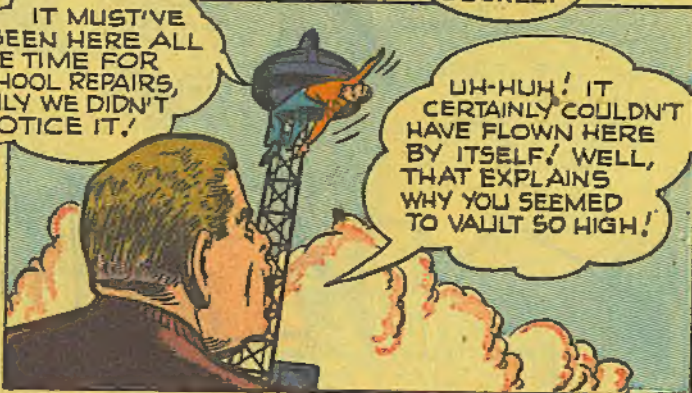
THEN, SO SWIFTLY DOES HE RETURN AND RESUME HIS OTHER IDENTITY, COACH KANDINSKI IS UNAWARE HE HAS EVEN LEFT!

HELP! I'M CAUGHT! THE MAGNET PULLED ME UP HERE BY MY METAL BELT BUCKLE!



HUH? NOW WHERE DID THAT MACHINE COME FROM?

IT MUST'VE BEEN HERE ALL THE TIME FOR SCHOOL REPAIRS, ONLY WE DIDN'T NOTICE IT!



UH-HUH! IT CERTAINLY COULDN'T HAVE FLOWN HERE BY ITSELF! WELL, THAT EXPLAINS WHY YOU SEEMED TO VAULT SO HIGH!

SUDDENLY, A NEWS REPORT COMES FROM AN AUTOMOBILE RADIO...

FLASH! POLICE REPORTED ANOTHER ROBBERY OF TROPHY CUPS! POLICE NOW BELIEVE THE THREE MEN RECENTLY ARRESTED ARE PART OF A LARGE GANG...

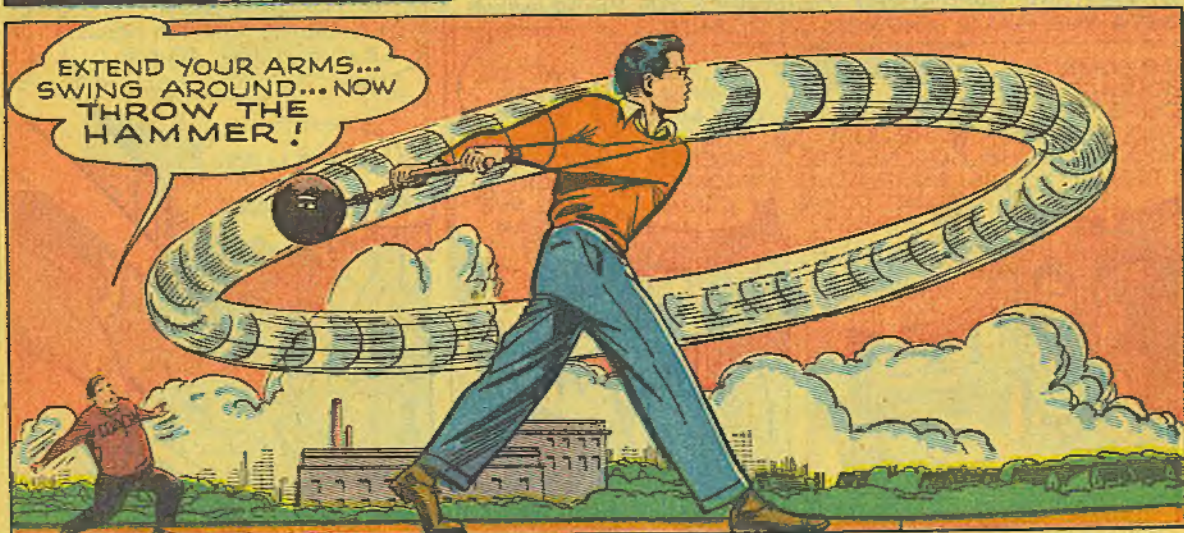
HMM! WHY SHOULD PROFESSIONAL CROOKS STEAL TROPHIES? THEIR ONLY VALUE IS SENTIMENT, BECAUSE MOST TROPHY CLIPS ARE NOT MADE OF SILVER!

NOW, CLARK... ON WITH THE KANDINSKI METHOD! WE'LL DEVELOP YOUR MUSCLES WITH THE HAMMER THROW!

HOW CAN I GET AWAY FROM HERE AND CHECK ON THE TROPHY CUP CROOKS? HMM... I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

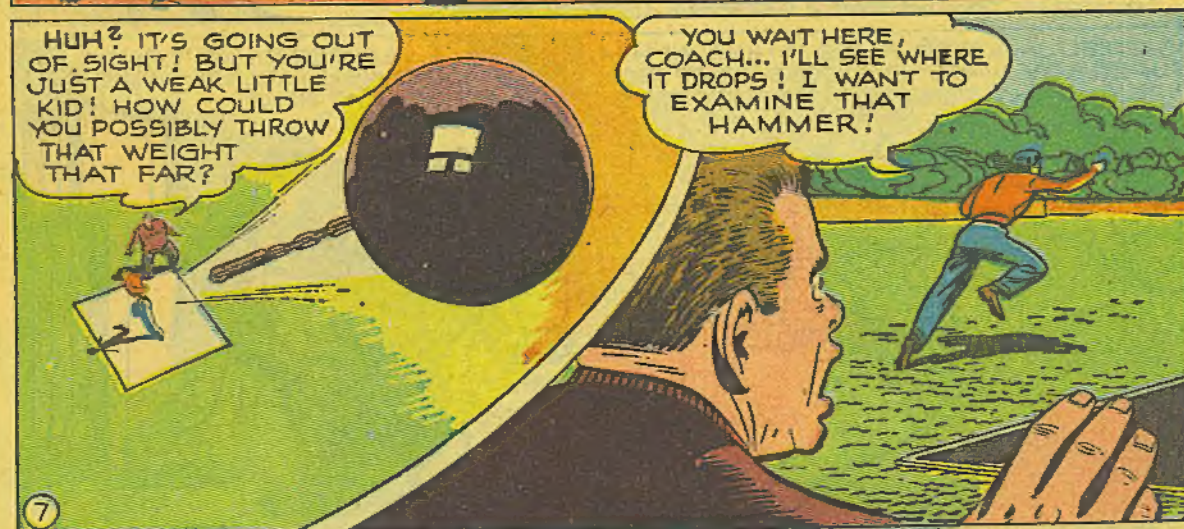


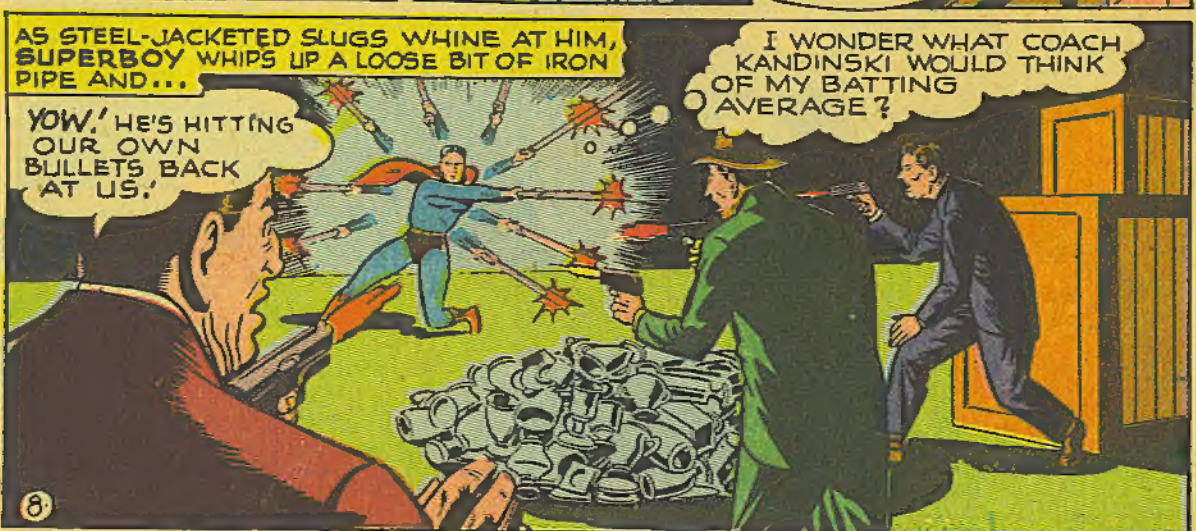
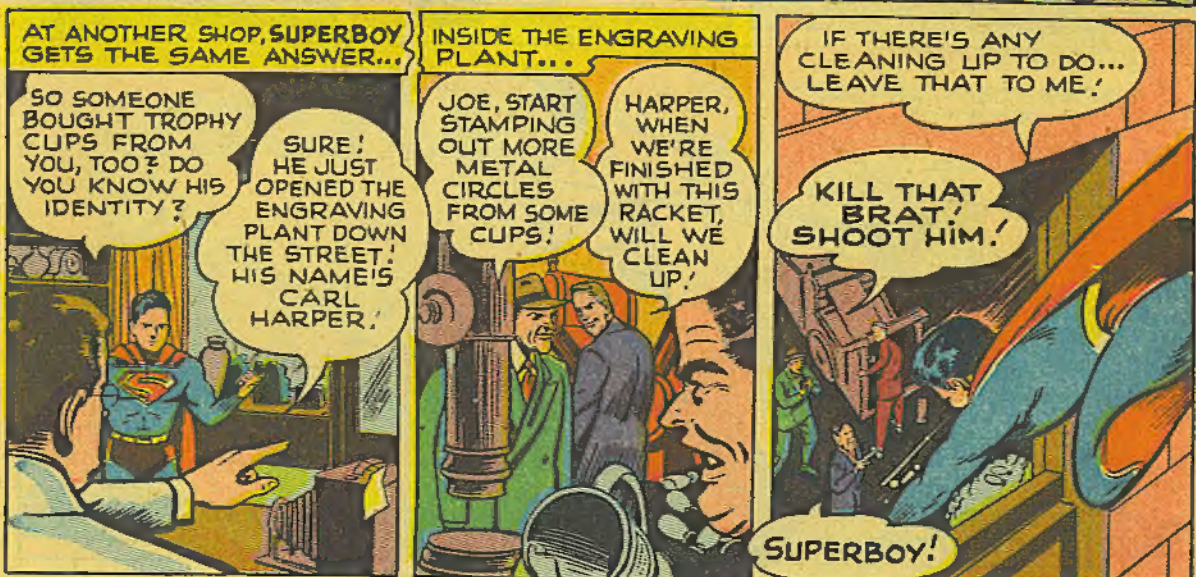
EXTEND YOUR ARMS... SWING AROUND... NOW THROW THE HAMMER!



HUH? IT'S GOING OUT OF SIGHT! BUT YOU'RE JUST A WEAK LITTLE KID! HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY THROW THAT WEIGHT THAT FAR?

YOU WAIT HERE, COACH... I'LL SEE WHERE IT DROPS! I WANT TO EXAMINE THAT HAMMER!







AS LONG AS I'M AT IT, I MIGHT AS WELL GET IN SOME BASKETBALL PRACTICE!



AND LET'S NOT FORGET PING PONG!

THEN A HURRIED CALL TO THE POLICE...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHY DID THEY STEAL SPORTS TROPHIES THAT HAVE NO VALUE?

BUT THEY DO HAVE VALUE TO COUNTERFEITERS! LOOK HERE...



THESE ARE PHONEY HALF DOLLARS! BUT HOW CAN THE CROOKS MAKE A PROFIT COUNTERFEITING COINS WHEN THEY USE REAL SILVER?

BUT THEY'RE NOT MADE OF SILVER! MOST TROPHY CUPS ARE MADE OF AN ALLOY CALLED BRITANNIA METAL!



THEY BOUGHT ALL THE PAWNED TROPHY CUPS AT A CHEAP PRICE AND TRIED TO STEAL THE OTHERS! THEY HAD A NICE RACKET PLANNED, BUT THEY DIDN'T PLAN ON GOING TO PRISON!

MOMENTS LATER, SUPERBOY FACES ANOTHER PROBLEM!



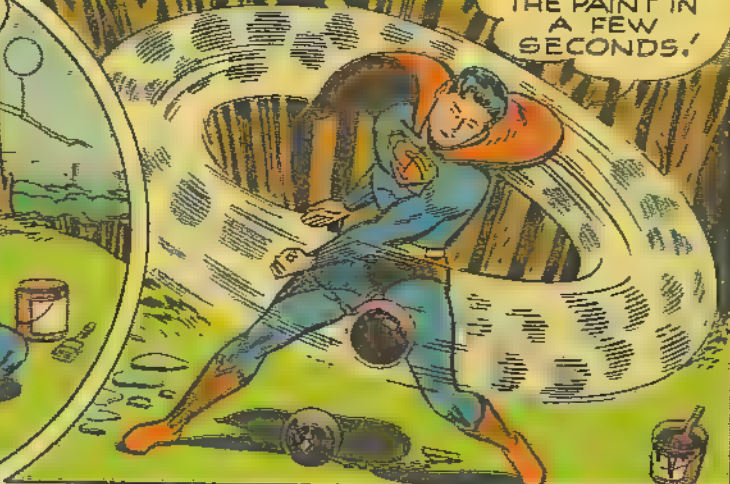
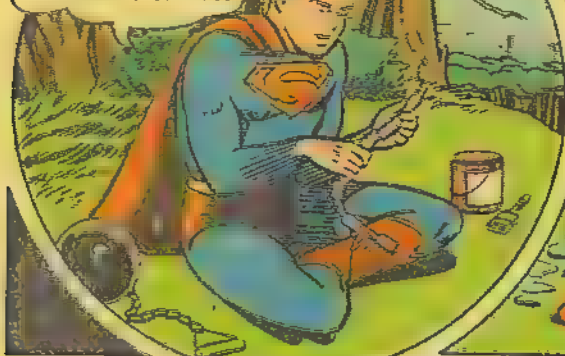
NOW I'LL NEED SOME CARDBOARD, A SMALL BALLOON, SOME HELIUM GAS AND SOME PAINT!

AFTER MAKING HIS PURCHASES...

WHEN THE JOB IS COMPLETE...

THIS WILL DRY THE PAINT IN A FEW SECONDS!

NOW THAT I'VE PUT THE HELIUM GAS IN THE BALLOON... I'LL TWIST THE CARDBOARD INTO A CHAIN... AND GIVE THE WHOLE JOB A COAT OF PAINT.



MOMENTS LATER, HE RETURNS TO THE SCHOOL AS CLARK KENT...

I WAS WONDERING HOW LONG IT WOULD TAKE YOU TO FIND THAT HAMMER!

WATCH THIS, COACH!



SEE... IT'S FLOATING! THE "HAMMER" IS REALLY CARDBOARD AND A BALLOON FILLED WITH A LIGHTER-THAN-AIR GAS.

SO THAT EXPLAINS IT! SOME PRACTICAL JOKER HID THE REAL HAMMER AND PUT THIS IN ITS PLACE!



OH, CLARK... I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU! WOULD YOU HELP ME DO MY HOME-WORK TONIGHT? YOU'RE SO MUCH SMARTER THAN JOE DALY!

HMMM!



FORGET THE ATHLETIC ADVICE, COACH... I ADMIT IT HELPS... BUT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN BRAIN IS BETTER THAN BRAUN!



Now read Superman in Action Comics, Superman, and World's Finest Comics

AQUAMAN



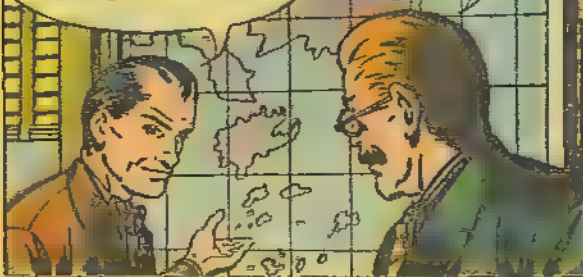
"NEITHER SNOW NOR RAIN, NOR HEAT NOR GLOOM OF NIGHT, NOR UNDERSEA DEEPS AND MARINE DANGERS, STAYS THESE COURIERS FROM THE SWIFT COMPLETION OF THEIR APPOINTED ROUNDS!" DOES THIS FAMILIAR QUOTATION SEEM WRONG, WITH THAT UNDERLINED PHRASE? YOU'LL SEE HOW RIGHT IT IS WHEN **AQUAMAN**, THE SOVEREIGN OF THE SEVEN SEAS, MAKES SURE THAT THE MAILS GO THROUGH, BY THE VICTORY OF...

"*The*
**UNDERSEA
POST
OFFICE!"**

IN POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT HEAD-QUARTERS...

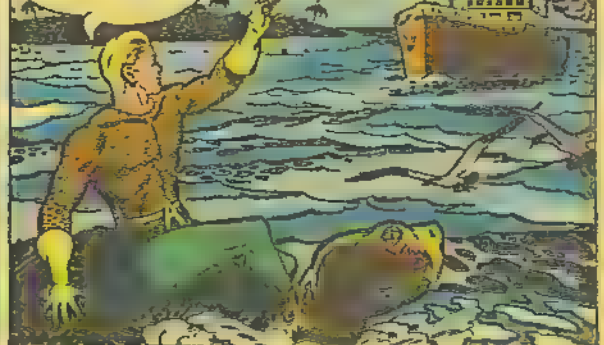
OLD CAP'N GREGG IS CARRYING MAIL TO THESE REMOTE ISLANDS ON HIS OWN. IF HE DOES A GOOD JOB FOR A YEAR, WE'LL GIVE HIM THE CHARTER FOR THAT ROUTE. THE YEAR IS ALMOST UP NOW."

I HOPE HE MAKES GOOD."



MEANWHILE, FAR OUT IN THE VAST REACHES OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN, AS **AQUAMAN** CRUISES ALONG...

HERE COMES CAP'N GREGG'S PRIVATE MAIL SHIP, RIGHT ON TIME!

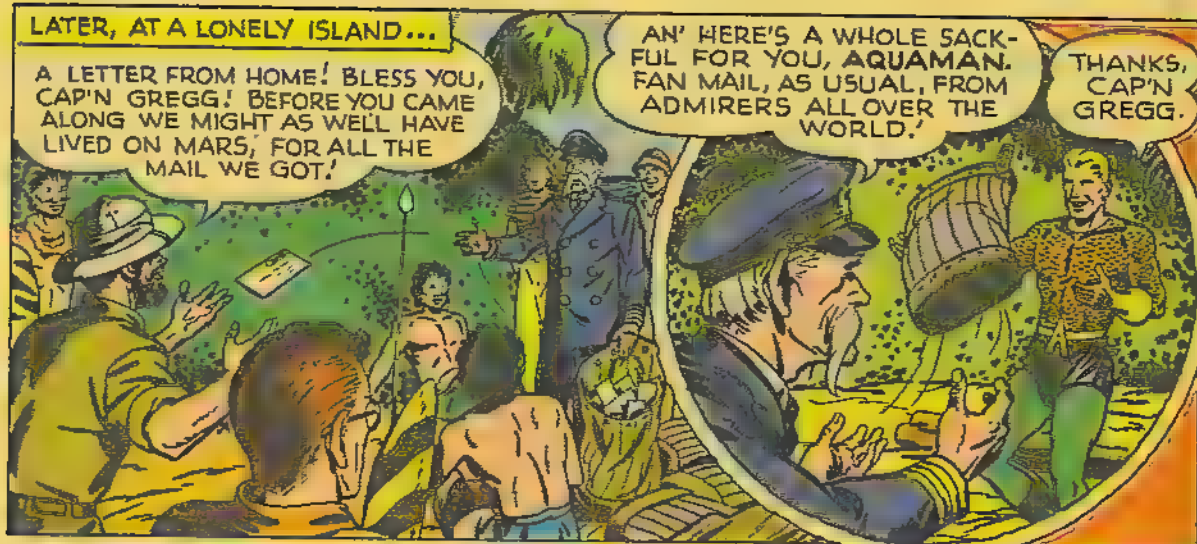


LATER, AT A LONELY ISLAND...

A LETTER FROM HOME! BLESS YOU, CAP'N GREGG! BEFORE YOU CAME ALONG WE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE LIVED ON MARS, FOR ALL THE MAIL WE GOT!

AN' HERE'S A WHOLE SACKFUL FOR YOU, AQUAMAN. FAN MAIL, AS USUAL, FROM ADMIRERS ALL OVER THE WORLD.

THANKS, CAP'N GREGG.



WELL, CAP'N, YOU'VE JUST ABOUT WON YOUR CHARTER TO CARRY MAIL TO REMOTE SPOTS OF THE SEVEN SEAS.

IT'S BEEN MY DREAM, SON! I LIKE MAKIN' FOLKS HAPPY WITH LETTERS FROM HOME. AFTER I DELIVER TO THE REST OF THE ISLANDS HEREABOUTS, I'VE FINISHED MY YEAR OF TRIAL!

BUT CAP'N GREGG HAS A RIVAL FOR THE MAIL CHARTER, SHARK BARTON, WHOSE SHIP ALSO STANDS OFF THE ISLAND!

WE WANT THAT MAIL CHARTER, AND THE FAT CONTRACT THAT GOES WITH IT! SUPPOSE GREGG DOESN'T FINISH HIS DELIVERIES? SUPPOSE SOMETHING HAPPENS TO HIS SHIP—RIGHT NOW?

I GETCHA, BOSS!



SHARK BARTON, ONE-TIME SMUGGLER, IS UTTERLY RUTHLESS IN HIS METHODS!

THE TRICK! A FLAMIN' HARPOON! FIRE, ME HEARTIES!

THAT'LL DO

AND CAP'N GREGG'S SHIP CATCHES FIRE LIKE A TINDER-BOX!

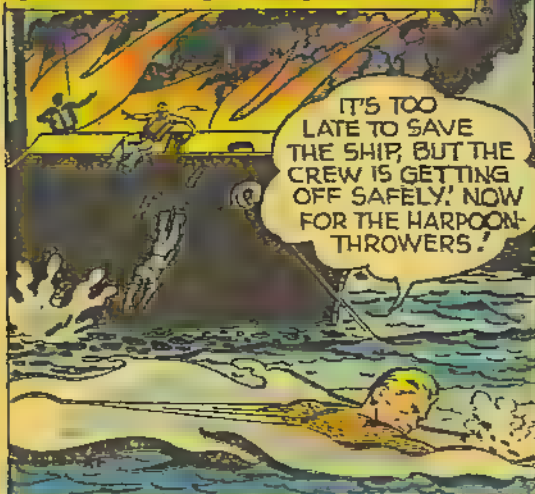
MY SHIP! THE MAIL—!

I SAW THAT FLAMING HARPOON! WHAT A ROTTEN TRICK!

AYE, AYE, BOSS!



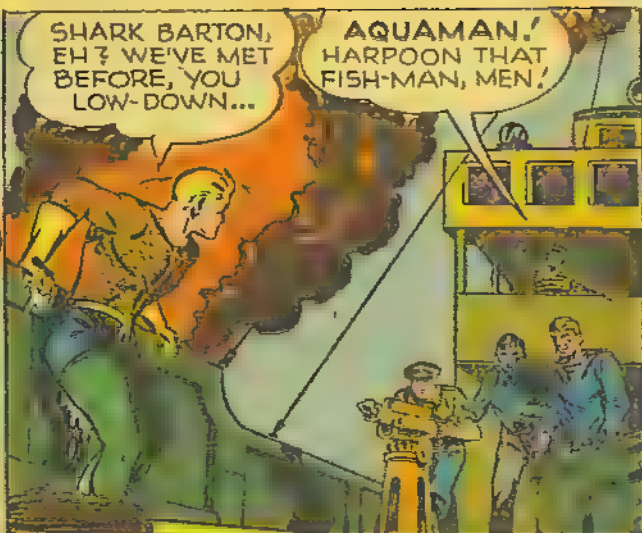
SWIMMING AT BLINDING SPEED...



IT'S TOO LATE TO SAVE THE SHIP, BUT THE CREW IS GETTING OFF SAFELY! NOW FOR THE HARPOON-THROWERS!

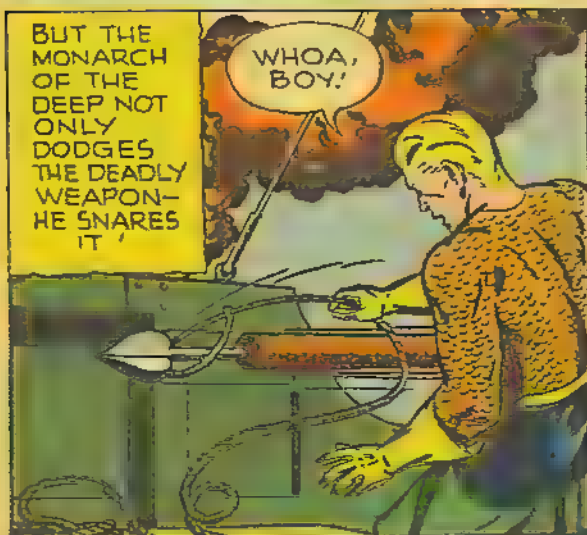
SHARK BARTON, EH? WE'VE MET BEFORE, YOU LOW-DOWN...

AQUAMAN! HARPOON THAT FISH-MAN, MEN!



BUT THE MONARCH OF THE DEEP NOT ONLY DODGES THE DEADLY WEAPON—HE SNARES IT!

WHOA, BOY!



AND THEN...

SUPPOSE YOU GO BACK THE WAY YOU CAME!

YII!

OOF!

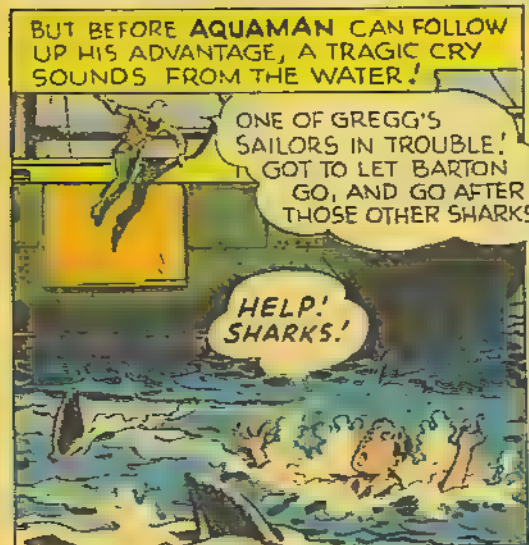
GHA!



BUT BEFORE AQUAMAN CAN FOLLOW UP HIS ADVANTAGE, A TRAGIC CRY SOUNDS FROM THE WATER!

ONE OF GREGG'S SAILORS IN TROUBLE! GOT TO LET BARTON GO, AND GO AFTER THOSE OTHER SHARKS!

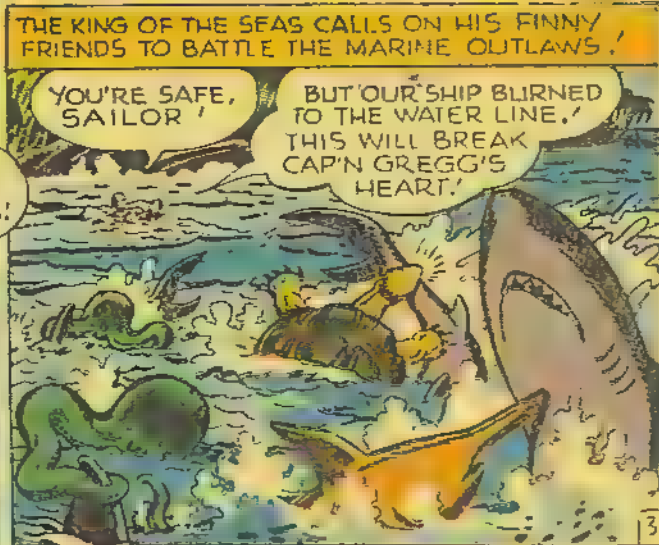
HELP! SHARKS!



THE KING OF THE SEAS CALLS ON HIS FINNY FRIENDS TO BATTLE THE MARINE OUTLAWS!

YOU'RE SAFE, SAILOR!

BUT OUR SHIP BURNED TO THE WATER LINE! THIS WILL BREAK CAPN GREGG'S HEART!



THE SAILOR IS NOT WRONG...

MY SHIP—GONE! THE MAIL'S SUNK, TOO! THAT'S THE END OF MY DREAM, LAD. I DON'T GET THE MAIL CHARTER!

HMM! A BAD SITUATION. BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA, CAPN GREGG. IS THAT MAIL IN WATER-PROOF SACKS?

AYE, LAD!

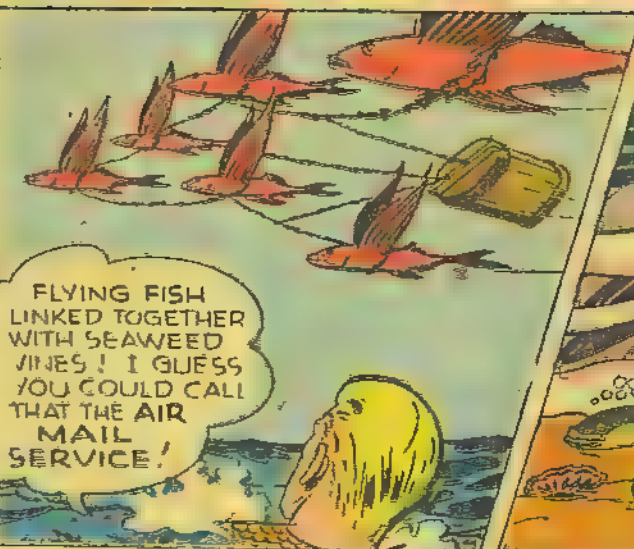
THEN THE MAIL IS GOING THROUGH! I PROMISE YOU!

UNDERSEA...

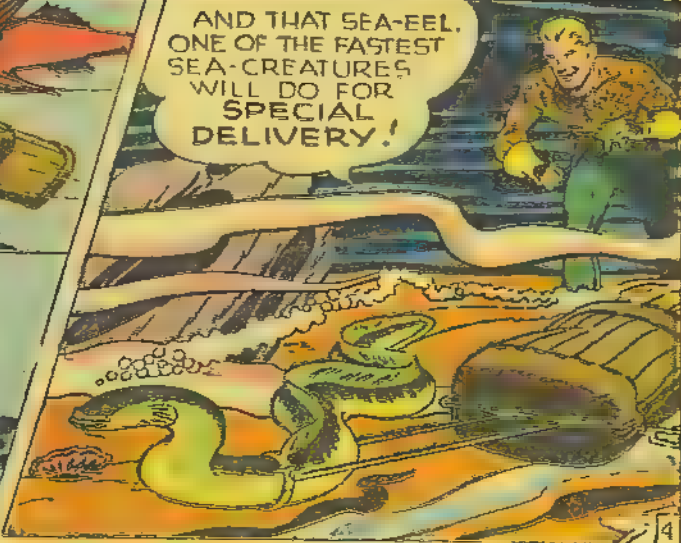
THIS IS THE LAST OF CAPN GREGG'S MAIL! THESE ALL GO TO THE ISLANDS AROUND HERE. AS FOR MAILMEN TO MAKE DELIVERIES— I'VE GOT MILLIONS OF 'EM!

DENIZENS OF THE DEEP ONCE AGAIN COME TO THE AID OF THEIR MASTER!

... AND DON'T FORGET TO RING THE DOORBELL TWICE, PAL!



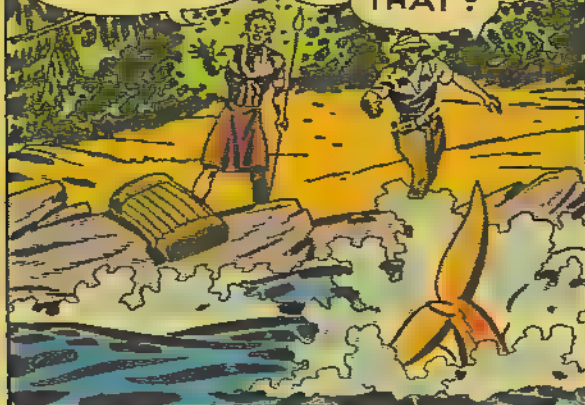
AND THAT SEA-EEL, ONE OF THE FASTEST SEA-CREATURES, WILL DO FOR SPECIAL DELIVERY!



LATER, AT THE SHORES OF VARIOUS ISLANDS...

HERE IS MAIL—
RIGHT ON TIME!

HOLY COW!
WHAT KIND OF
A MAILMAN WAS
THAT?

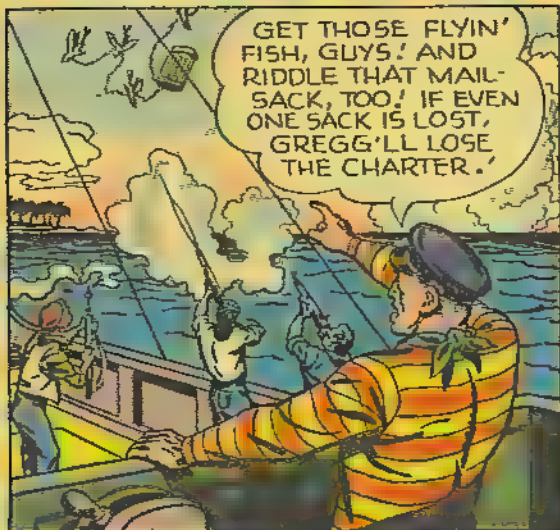


MEANWHILE, SHARK BARTON GETS AN INKING OF WHAT GOES ON!

WHAT? BLAST THAT AQUAMAN!
HE'S USIN' HIS FISH FRIENDS
TO DELIVER THE MAIL FOR
GREGG! I'VE GOTTA DO
SOMETHIN'—QUICK!

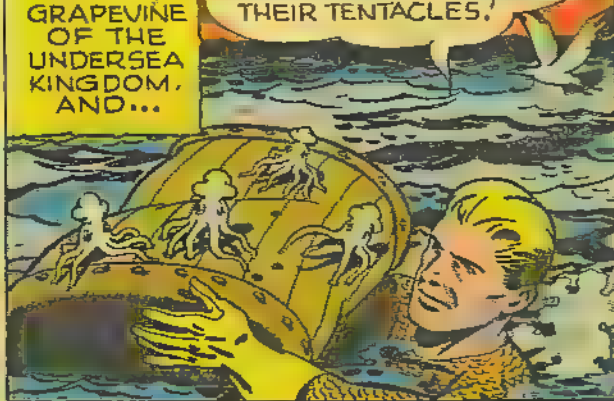


GET THOSE FLYIN'
FISH, GUYS! AND
RIDDLE THAT MAIL-
SACK, TOO! IF EVEN
ONE SACK IS LOST,
GREGG'LL LOSE
THE CHARTER.



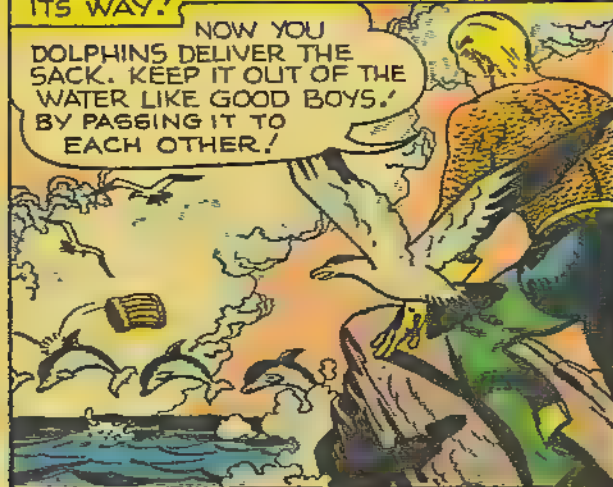
BUT WORD
QUICKLY
COMES TO
AQUAMAN,
VIA THE
GRAPEVINE
OF THE
UNDERSEA
KINGDOM,
AND...

I GOT HERE FAST! I
DON'T THINK MUCH WATER
GOT INTO THE SACK, AND
THOSE SQUIDS WILL PLUG
UP THE HOLES WITH
THEIR TENTACLES!



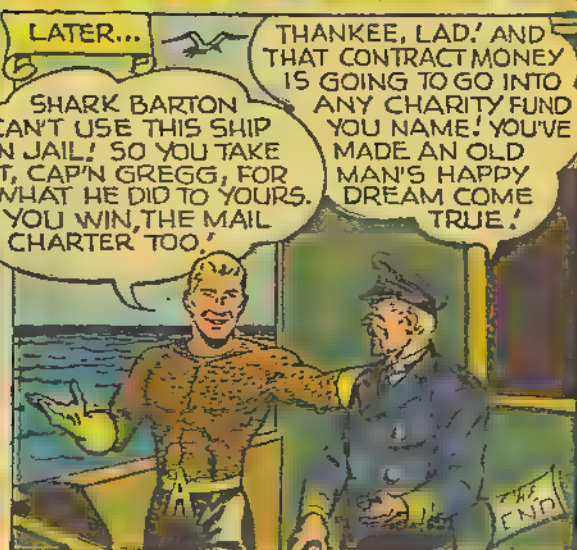
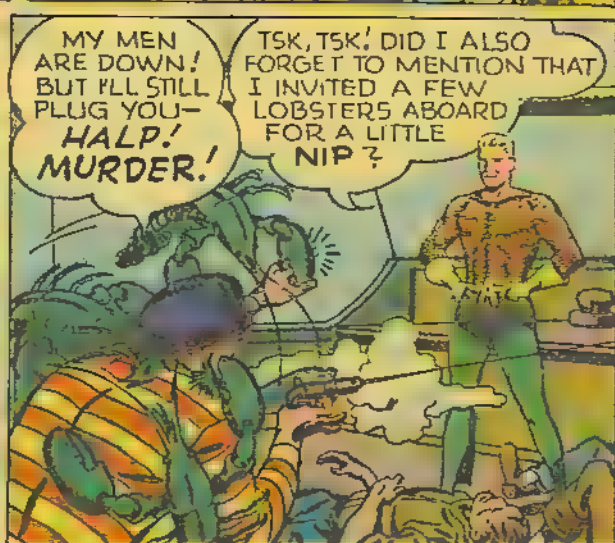
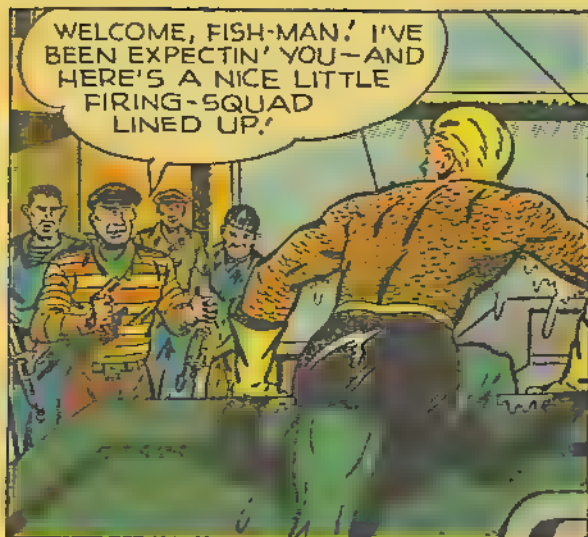
IN JUST SECONDS, THE MAIL IS AGAIN ON ITS WAY!

NOW YOU
DOLPHINS DELIVER THE
SACK. KEEP IT OUT OF THE
WATER LIKE GOOD BOYS.
BY PASSING IT TO
EACH OTHER!



LAST OF ALL, TO CATCH UP
WITH SHARK BARTON! THE
FINAL RECKONING WITH
HIM IS DUE!





The

SHINING KNIGHT

Pirate's Day...

A JOYOUS CELEBRATION AND COLORFUL PAGEANT TO CELEBRATE THE END OF THOSE OLD DAYS WHEN BUCCANEERS STORMED OUR PEACEFUL PORTS AND LOOTED OUR TOWNS OF THEIR TREASURE! BUT WHEN THE "PLAY ACTORS" BECOME DEADLY MENACES, THE "MOCK RAID" BECOMES A BOLD REALITY, AND SIR JUSTIN, THE SHINING KNIGHT, FIGHTS ANOTHER GREAT BATTLE TO SAVE A TOWN FROM...

"PIRATES OF PLUNDER!"

THE BUCCANEERS OF OLD WERE DARING AND BOLD!

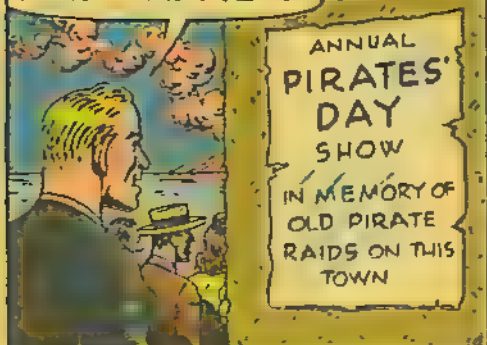
AVAST, YA BEGGARS! CUT 'EM DOWN, ON TO THE GOLD BINS!

AT LEAST, THAT'S HOW THEY'RE PORTRAYED TODAY.

THIS PAGEANTRY MAKES PIRATES' DAY SEEM VERY REAL!

I'LL SAY! I COME HERE EVERY YEAR TO WATCH IT!

AND AMONG THE SPECTATORS IS SIR JUSTIN, WHOSE SECRET IDENTITY IS THE SHINING KNIGHT... 'TIS QUITE A SHOW, THIS CELEBRATION! METHINKS I'LL GET VICTORY AND VIEW IT FROM ABOVE...



BUT ALL IS NOT FUN—

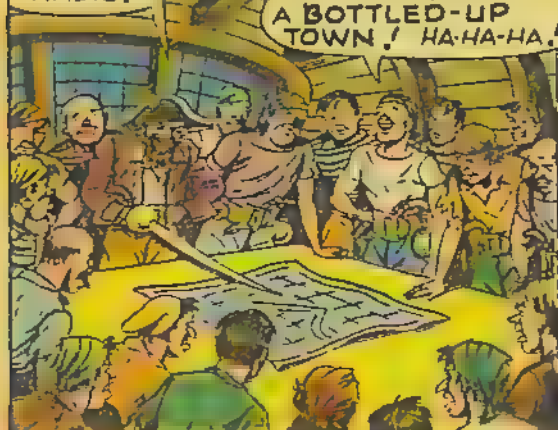
HO, HO! AN' WHILE THE PLAY GOES ON, MY BOYS ARE RAIDIN' THE TOWN.

A SWELL IDEA, BOSS!... CUTTIN' DA TOWN OFF AN' LOOTIN' IT.



YEAH, AN' THEY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE—IN MODERN TIMES, WITH TELEPHONES AN' RADIO.

YO, HO, HO, AND A BOTTLED-UP TOWN! HA-HA-HA!



IN A RADIO STATION...

NOW, LOOK—A JOKE'S A JOKE, BUT WE'RE ON THE AIR!

NOT ANY MORE, MAC! THIS STATION WILL BE SILENT FOR TWO HOURS!... AN' IT'S NO JOKE!



— AND ON THE NEARBY HIGHWAY...

DESE ARE DA TELEPHONE WIRES THAT RUN OUTA TOWN—AN' DOWN THEY GO.

DEY CAN'T PHONE FOR HELP NOW!



AND EVEN THE TOWN'S POLICE CHIEF IS TIED UP AT HIS HOME!

YOU CROOKS WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

SEZ YOU! JOSEPH'S A MAKEUP EXPERT! EVEN YER OWN MOTHER WOULDN'T SPOT JOSEPH AS A PONEY! HE LOOKS JUS' LIKE YOU!

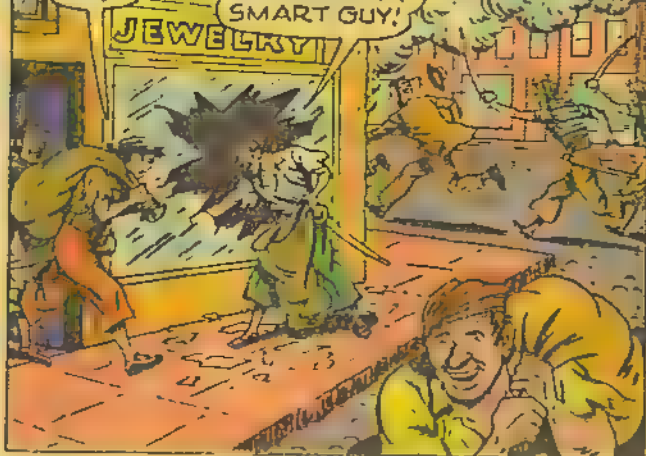


THEN THE CHIEF OF THE MODERN PIRATE CREW GIVES A SIGNAL—AND REAL SHELLS BOOM FROM ANCIENT CANNON! SOMETHING'S WRONG! THEY'RE SHELLING THE TOWN WITH REAL GUNS!



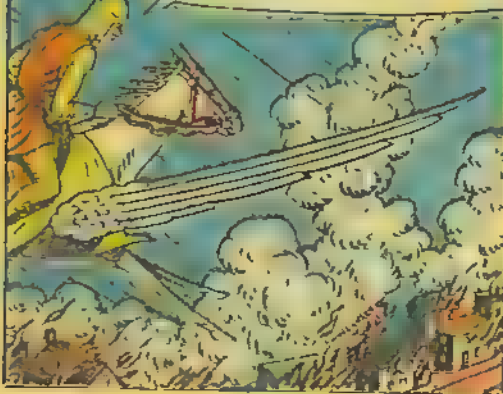
HO, HO! WHAT A HAUL THIS IS!

THE BOSS IS SURE A SMART GUY!



NOW, ABOVE THE TOWN APPEARS A MODERN PEGASUS—VICTORY, WITH THE SHINING KNIGHT ASTRIDE HIM!

DOWN, VICTORY! METHINKS THERE'S TROUBLE BELOW!



RUN, BOYS! IT'S THE SHINING KNIGHT!

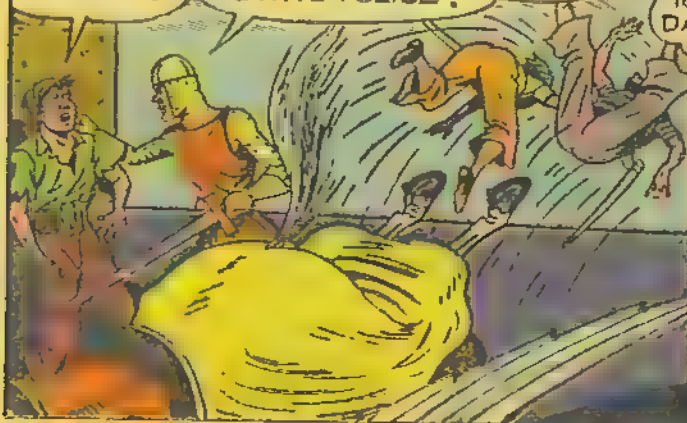
HOLD, KNAVES! DRAW AND FIGHT!



BUT WITH VICTORY'S HELP, THE BATTLE IS A BRIEF ONE!

I GIVE UP! I'LL TALK...

IT'S WELL, VILLAIN! TELL ME NOW—WHERE ARE THE TOWN'S POLICE?

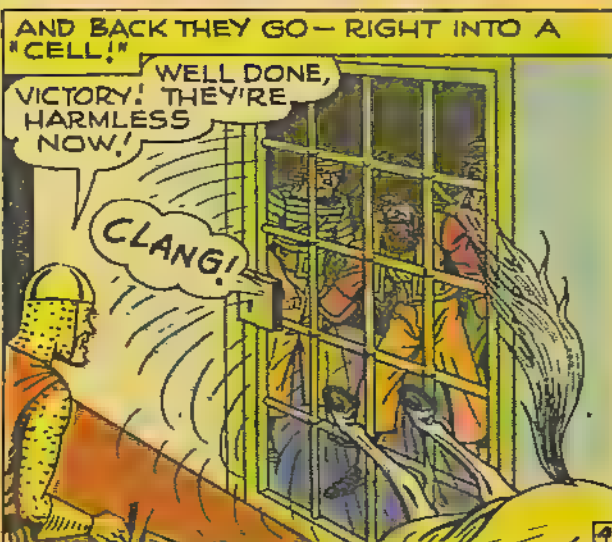
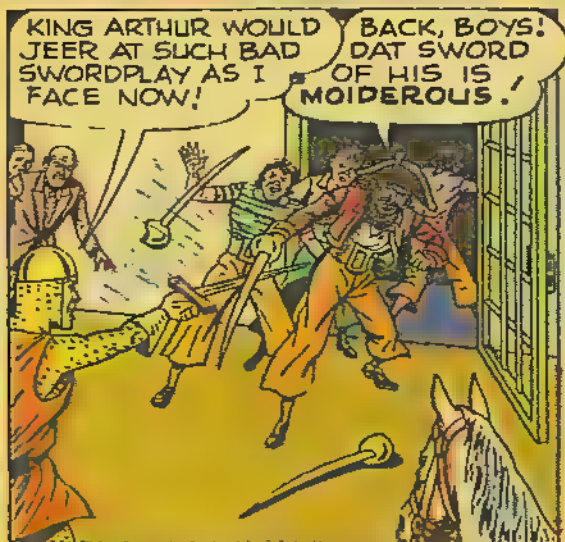


AND THE AMAZING STORY IS TOLD...

...SO WE ISOLATED DA TOWN. AND EVEN DA COPS ARE OUR PRISONERS!

ZOUNDS! THIS IS SERIOUS! WE MUST AWAY, VICTORY!



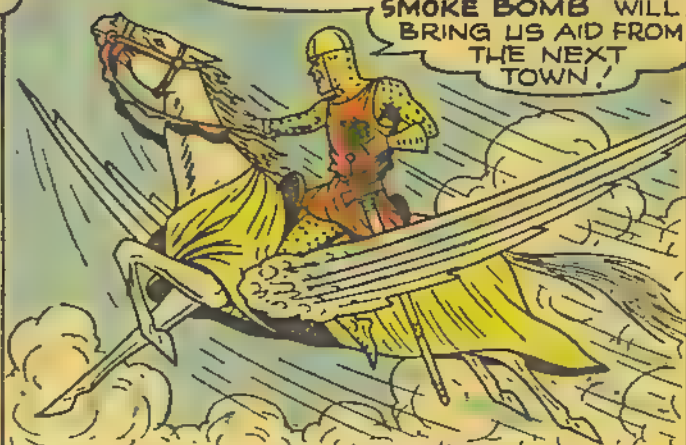


THE WHOLE TOWN IS IN THE CLUTCHES OF THESE VILLAINS—AND ALL OUTSIDE COMMUNICATIONS ARE CUT OFF! BUT METHINKS THERE IS A WAY! COME, VICTORY...



THE SHINING KNIGHT TAKES TO THE SKY AGAIN...

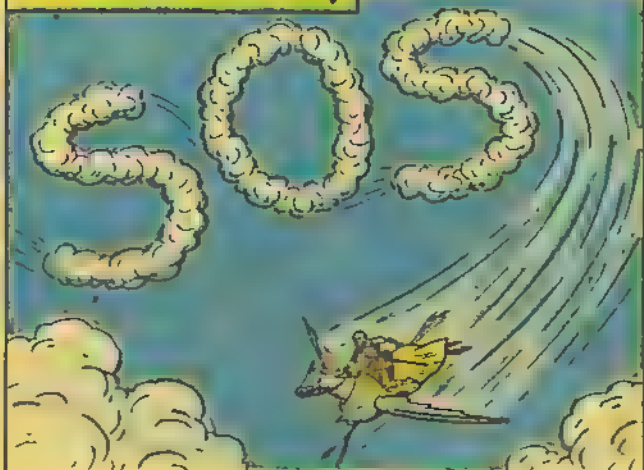
UP, VICTORY! THIS MAGNESIUM SMOKE BOMB WILL BRING US AID FROM THE NEXT TOWN!



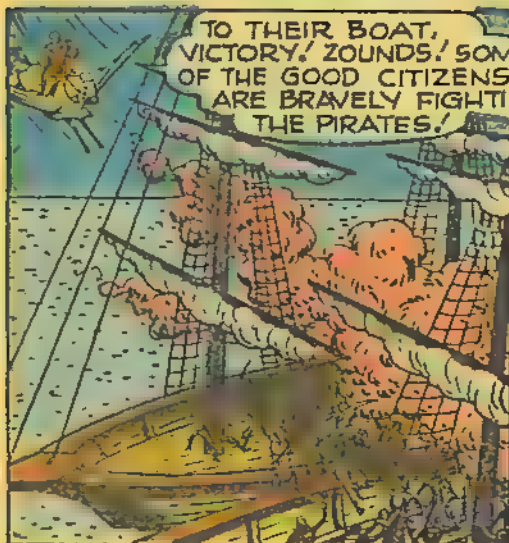
HO! ON THIS THE THIEVES DID NOT COUNT! FASTER, VICTORY!



AND A KNIGHT OF OLD USES A NEW ART—SKY WRITING!



TO THEIR BOAT, VICTORY! ZOUNDS! SOME OF THE GOOD CITIZENS ARE BRAVELY FIGHTING THE PIRATES!

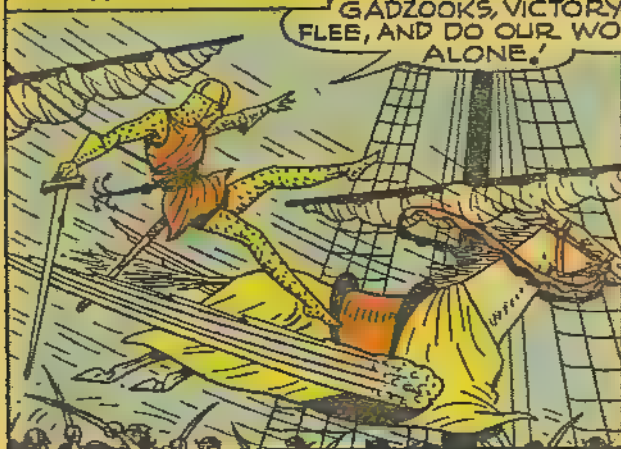


HO, VICTORY! WE'LL GIVE THESE VILLAINS A SURPRISE!



BUT, ABRUPTLY, THE SHINING KNIGHT IS STOPPED AS A ROPED GRAPNEL HOOK ENCIRCLES HIM...

GADZOOKS, VICTORY! FLEE, AND DO OUR WORK ALONE.

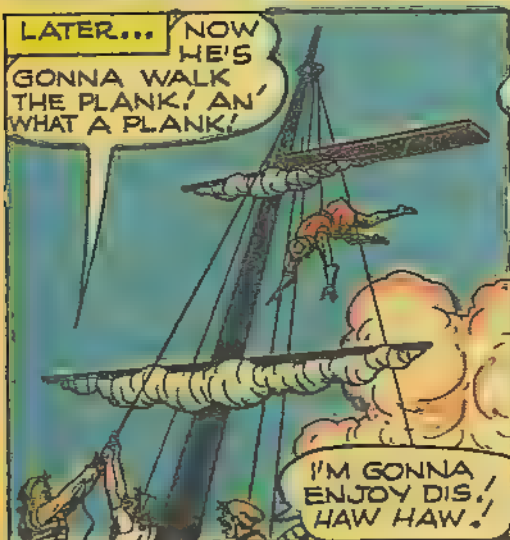


—AND BEFORE THE PALADDIN OF THE PAST CAN BRING HIS MAGIC SWORD INTO PLAY, THE THUGS ARE UPON HIM.

LAY TO, BOYS! GIVE IT TO HIM!



LATER... NOW HE'S GONNA WALK THE PLANK! AN' WHAT A PLANK!

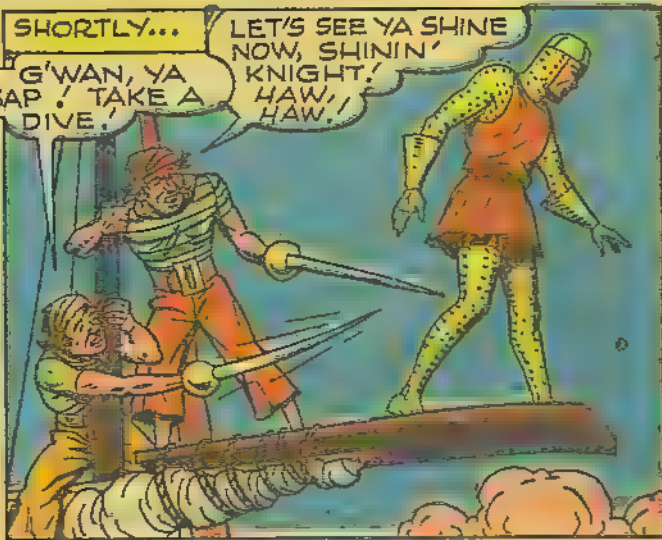


I'M GONNA ENJOY DIS! HAW HAW.

SHORTLY...

G'WAN, YA SAP! TAKE A DIVE.

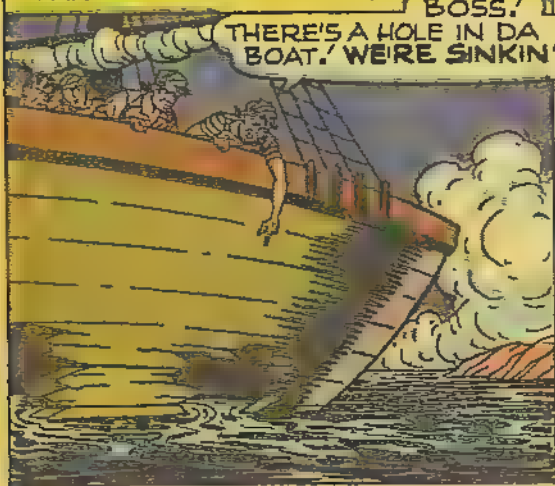
LET'S SEE YA SHINE NOW, SHININ' KNIGHT! HAW, HAW.



SUDDENLY, THE PIRATES MAKE AN ALARMING DISCOVERY.

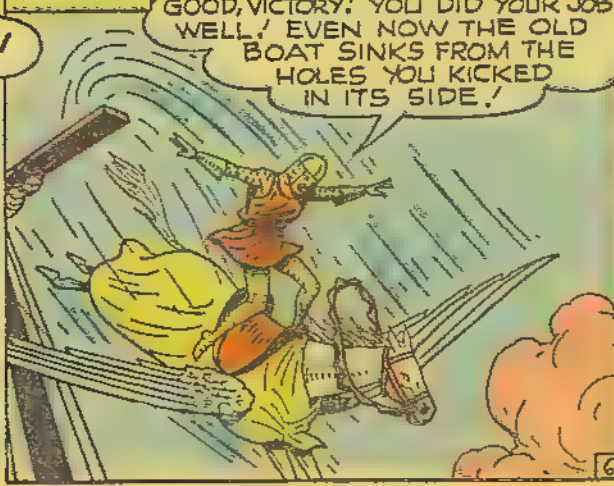
BOSS!

THERE'S A HOLE IN DA BOAT. WE'RE SINKIN'!

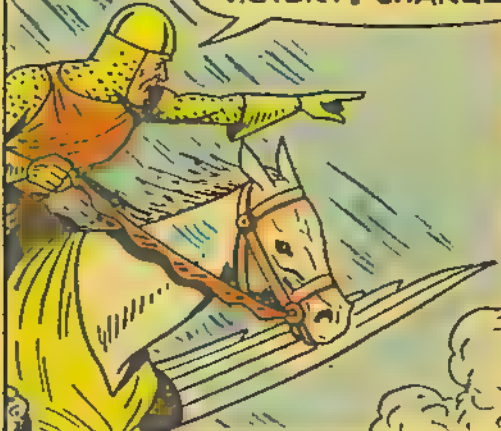


AND MORE TROUBLE THREATENS FROM ABOVE.

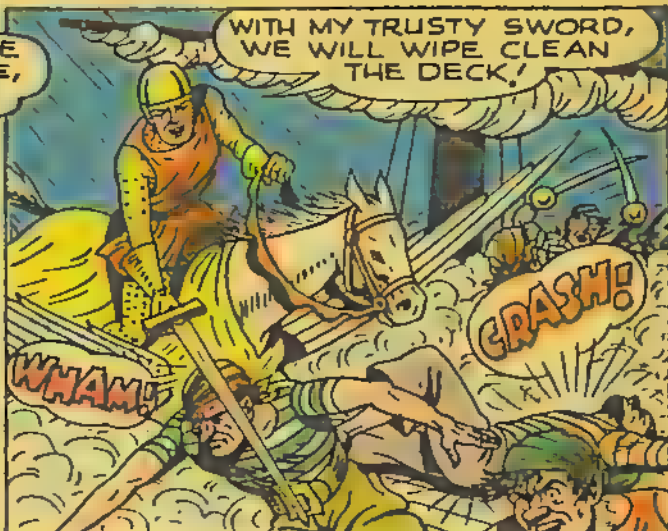
GOOD, VICTORY! YOU DID YOUR JOB WELL! EVEN NOW THE OLD BOAT SINKS FROM THE HOLES YOU KICKED IN ITS SIDE!



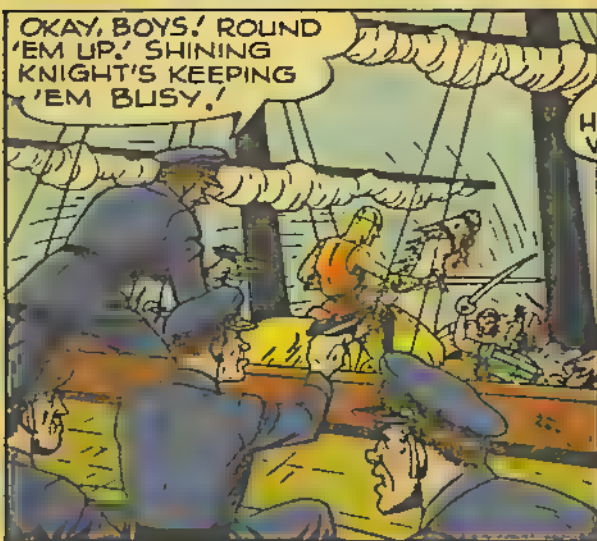
AND POLICE OF THE NEXT TOWN SAW OUR SIGNALS, FOR THEY CAME SWIFTLY, TO BATTLE, VICTORY! CHARGE!



WITH MY TRUSTY SWORD, WE WILL WIPE CLEAN THE DECK!



OKAY, BOYS! ROUND 'EM UP! SHINING KNIGHT'S KEEPING 'EM BUSY!

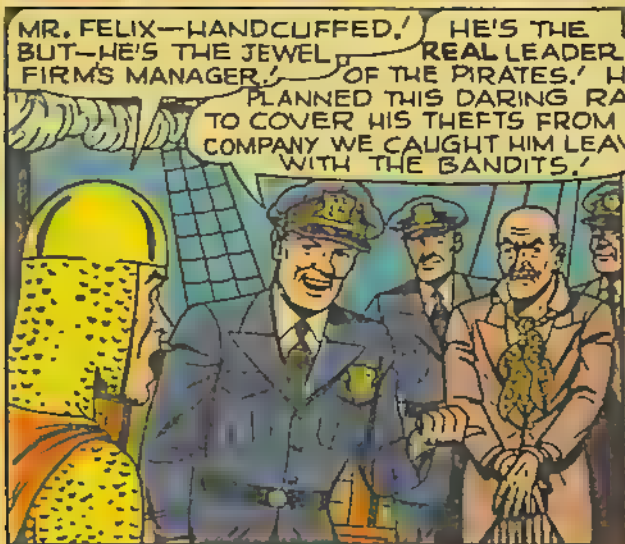


LATER... VICTORY SANK THE BOAT SO THAT THE KNAVES COULD NOT ESCAPE FROM THE HARBOR WITH THEIR LOOT—WHICH YOU WILL FIND IN YON HOLD!

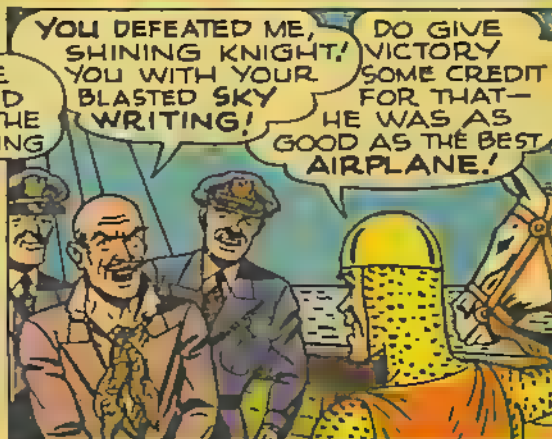
AND WE HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU, SHINING KNIGHT!



MR. FELIX—HANDCUFFED! BUT—HE'S THE JEWEL FIRMS MANAGER! HE'S THE REAL LEADER OF THE PIRATES! HE PLANNED THIS DARING RAID TO COVER HIS THEFTS FROM THE COMPANY WE CAUGHT HIM LEAVING WITH THE BANDITS.



YOU DEFEATED ME, SHINING KNIGHT! YOU WITH YOUR BLASTED SKY WRITING! DO GIVE VICTORY SOME CREDIT FOR THAT—HE WAS AS GOOD AS THE BEST AIRPLANE!



For thrills in the Air and on the Ground—READ THE SHINING KNIGHT—IN EVERY ISSUE OF Adventure Comics!

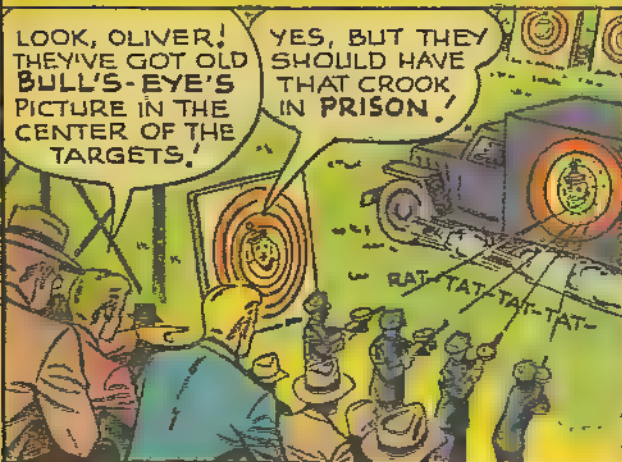
THE GREEN ARROW



ONCE AGAIN, BULL'S-EYE, MOST BIZARRE VILLAIN EVER TO RULE THE UNDERWORLD, HURLS A CHALLENGE AT THE FAMOUS BATTLING BOWMEN! THE RESULT IS AN AMAZING DUEL OF WITS AND WEAPONS. IN POLICE ANNALS, IT IS LISTED AS THE CASE OF —

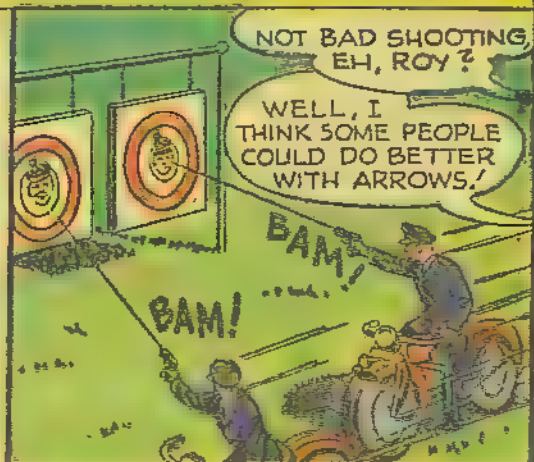
"TARGETS for TONIGHT!"

THE ANNUAL POLICE BENEFIT **TARGET SHOOTING** CONTEST IS UNDER WAY — AND WHO SHOULD BE ON HAND BUT OLIVER QUEEN AND YOUNG ROY HARPER...



LOOK, OLIVER! THEY'VE GOT OLD BULL'S-EYE'S PICTURE IN THE CENTER OF THE TARGETS!

YES, BUT THEY SHOULD HAVE THAT CROOK IN PRISON!



NOT BAD SHOOTING, EH, ROY?

WELL, I THINK SOME PEOPLE COULD DO BETTER WITH ARROWS!

BAM!

BAM!

WHILE THE FANCY TARGET SHOOTING CONTINUES, LET'S TURN TO THE BOX OFFICE, WHERE THE GATE RECEIPTS ARE BEING CHECKED...

NICE AND COZY! MOST OF THE COPS ARE ON THE FIELD—SO THE MICE MUST PLAY! HA, HA!

??!

BULL'S-EYE! AAAGH!

SORRY, BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE REACHED FOR YOUR RODS!

BAM BAM

SECONDS LATER, TWO GREEN-ROBED FIGURES SWING FROM THE OFFICE ROOF...

LOT OF NERVE YOU HAD SHOWING UP HERE, BULL'S-EYE!

NOT AT ALL, GREEN ARROW! WHILE THE COPS SHOW OFF THEIR SHOOTING ABILITY... I SHOW OFF MY

LIFTING GATE RECEIPTS!

AND OUTSIDE ...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, OLIVER?

COME ON! THOUGH THE COPS ARE FIRING PISTOLS ... I JUST HEARD FAINT TOMMY GUN FIRE FROM THE FRONT OFFICE!

SEC. 8

G.A.! (COUGH COUGH) THAT LAUGHING HYENA OUTSMARTED US!

SO LONG, BOYS! GO BACK TO YOUR BOW PRACTICE! HA, HA!

HA, HA! OUR ARROW-SHOOTING FRIENDS PERSIST IN CHASING US! WELL, TOO BAD FOR THEM...

WHROOM!

IT WAS **BULL'S-EYE**. WASN'T IT, G.A.? WE GOT THE ALARM TOO LATE!

AND WE GOT NOTHING BUT HIS **SMOKE**! BUT WE'LL SEE WHO WINS ROUND TWO!

LATER...

WHAT SAPS DEM COPPERS WUZ! HAW, HAW!

YEAH... WHILE DEY SHOW OFF HOW GOOD DEY CAN SHOOT, WE PULL DA JOB RIGHT UNDER THEIR NOSES! HA, HA, HA!

THERE'S YOUR CUT, BOYS! WE GOT THIS DURING **TARGET SHOOTING**! KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS? I'LL TELL YOU...

TARGETS ARE LUCKY FOR ME! EVERY TARGET HAS A **BULL'S-EYE**-SEE? WELL, FROM NOW ON, EVERY JOB WE PULL WILL HAVE A **TARGET** CONNECTED WITH IT! LISTEN... BZZZ...

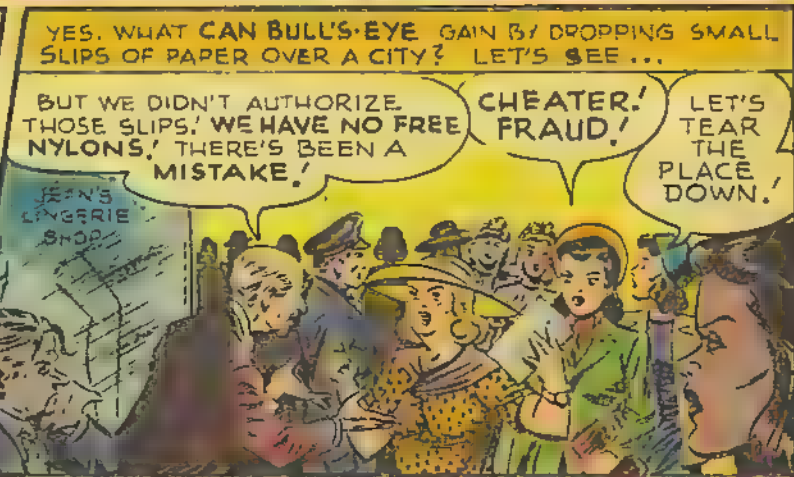
IT IS THE NEXT DAY, AND...

YEAH... IT'S AN ARMY SHOW OVER THE OUTSKIRTS! SOME KIND OF **TARGET PRACTICE**!

THE "ATTACKING" PLANE ROARS IN, ITS WING GUNS OPEN UP WITH A BLAST, AND THE TARGET IS **RIDDLED**! THEN... SMALL PEECES OF PAPER FLUTTER OUT!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE TARGET?



YOUR AUTOGRAPH, GREEN ARROW! PLEASE!

WOW! WE CAN FIGHT OFF CROOKS—BUT NOT WOMEN! WE'RE STUCK!

AND YOURS, SPEEDY!

NOT FAR AWAY, ON AN EMPTY STREET...

SEE WHAT WE WERE ABLE TO DO WITH A SIMPLE TARGET, BOYS? HA, HA! WE'VE STARTED A RIOT! THE COPS AND THE GREEN ARROW CAN'T TOUCH US! LET'S GET DOWN THE MANHOLE!

DAT'S DA BEST GETAWAY PLAN I EVER SEEN, BOSS! HAW, HAW!

BELOW... HEH, HEH! NOW HEAD FOR THE OPENING INTO THE RIVER! THIS JOB'S BEEN PERFECT!

PUTT-PUTT-PUTT

MAYBE PERFECT FOR YOU, BULL'S-EYE, BUT NOT FOR HARRIED GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY!

SPEEDY, (PUFF, PUFF) SHOOT ONE OF YOUR BOLO ARROWS AT THAT STEEPLE! QUICK... WHILE WE'RE STILL ALIVE!

BUT I MUST HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPHS, YOU HEROES!

THE BOLO ARROWS TWINED AROUND THE STEEPLE, THE BATTLING BOWMEN SWING HIGH OVER THE THROG!

WHEW! JUST MADE IT! THOUGHT WE'D LOSE OUR SHIRTS BACK THERE!

EEE! THEY GOT AWAY!

BULL'S-EYE WORKED HIS TRICK AND GOT AWAY IN THE CROWD! BUT HE'LL BE TURNING UP AGAIN... VERY SOON!

SOONER EVEN THAN THE FAMED ARCHER THINKS...

STEP RIGHT UP, GENTS!
TRY YOUR LUCK ON THE
MOVING TARGETS. WIN
YERSELF A CIGAR!

OKAY, MAC— LEAVE
US AT DEM
GUNS.

25
SHOTS
FOR
25¢

BANK

THREE O'CLOCK
SHARP! THAT'S OUR
CUE, BOYS—
**FIRE
AWAY!**

BAM
BAM

AND WHAT IS BULL'S-EYE'S TARGET
TRICK THIS TIME? LET'S LOOK ACROSS
THE STREET, IN THE VAULTS BELOW THE
BANK...

ALL RIGHT, THE BOYS
FIRING AT THE TARGETS IN THE GALLERY
ARE SETTING UP ENOUGH NOISE!
GET GOING WITH THAT DRILL!
THE GUARDS UPSTAIRS
CAN'T HEAR US
NOW!

BLAM
BLAM

THEN...

WE CLEANED
HER OUT
BOSS! SEVENTY
GRAND!

LET'S GET OUT FAST! THE
CAR'S WAITING
OUTSIDE!

OUTSIDE...

GET THE CAR STARTED!
HA, HA! ANOTHER TARGET
TRICK WORKED!

**HELP!
ROBBERS
!!**

UH!

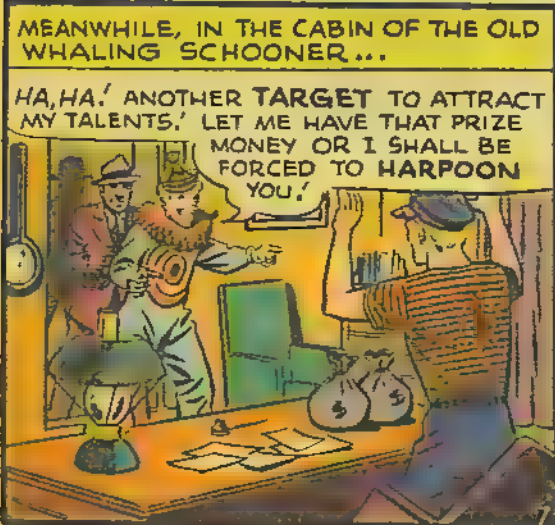
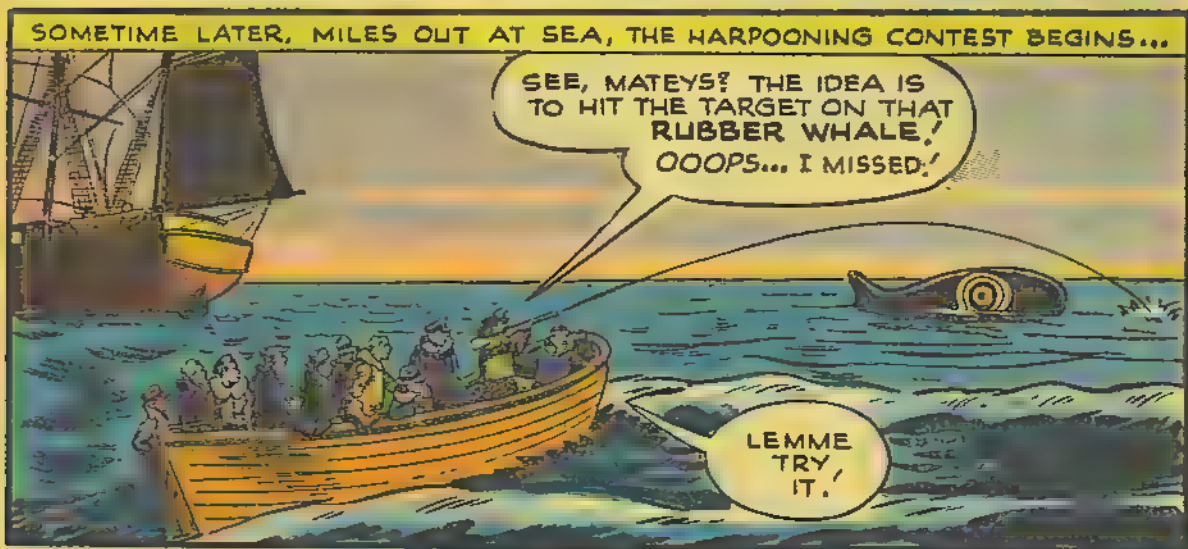
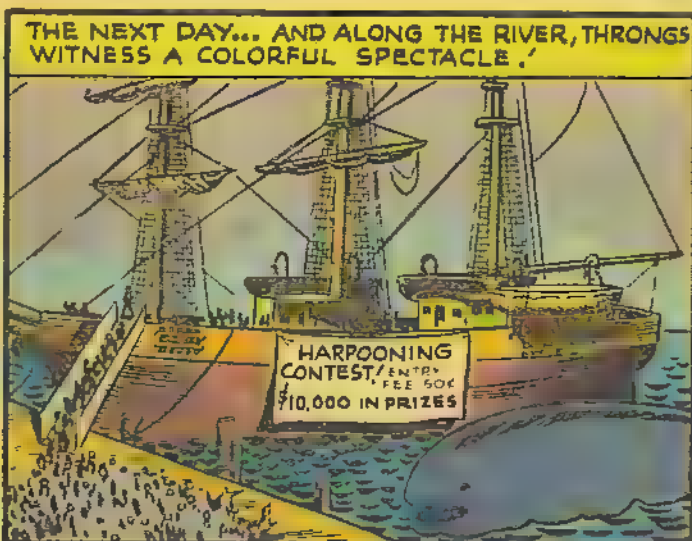
SHOOTING GALLERY

LATER ON...

BY GOLLY!
AND ALMOST
RIGHT UNDER
OUR NOSES!

THOSE TARGET
CRIMES ARE
GETTING OUT
OF HAND,
G.A.!

NEWS
BULLS-EYE
GANG ROBS
BANK! GALLERY
USED AS COVER



SECONDS LATER...

AWAY, MY MERRY FELLOWS, WE'LL COME BACK TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY! HA, HA!

NOW TO SEE IF MY HARPOONING IS AS GOOD AS MY BOW-SHOOTING!

A MUFFLED ROAR, AND THE HARPOON SPEEDS STRAIGHT TO ITS TARGET, SCORING A BULL'S-EYE!

HEH, HEH! MISSED US! HE CAN'T HIT THE REAL BULL'S-EYE!

SMACK

IT WORKED! SPEEDY'S HARPOON OPENED THE TARGET DOOR!

WHAT'S THIS? A TRAP! TURN, BOYS... WE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

BAM! BAM!

NOW FOR MY OWN TYPE OF HARPOON! WATCH THIS...

ZING BAM! BAM!

PULL 'EM IN, BOYS!

THE GREEN ARROW HASN'T HIT THE BULL'S-EYE YET! HERE I GO...

LATER... WE GOT HIS GANG, BUT WHERE'S BULL'S-EYE? PERHAPS HE DROWNED!

I WONDER? I'VE A HUNCH WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF HIM YET!

HA, HA, HA! AU REVOIR, GREEN ARROW! I CAN BREATHE THROUGH THIS CAN!

THE END

THE FINEST IN COMICS - WORLD'S FINEST COMICS - INCLUDES GREEN ARROW! GET YOUR COPY!

Johnny Quick

and his
MAGIC
FORMULA

ARE YOU A MEMBER OF THE MINUTE MAN CLUB? NO, THIS CLUB'S MEMBERS DIDN'T SERVE THEIR COUNTRY IN 1775! THIS IS ANOTHER MINUTE MAN CLUB, WHOSE MEMBERS ARE RULED BY THE 60 SECONDS IN A MINUTE! AND WHEN THIS CLUB'S MINUTES ARE READ, THEY ARE TO PROVE THAT JOHNNY QUICK IS SECOND TO NONE AS THE MAN OF THE HOUR... AND THAT HE DOES NOT WASTE A MINUTE IN FIGHTING...

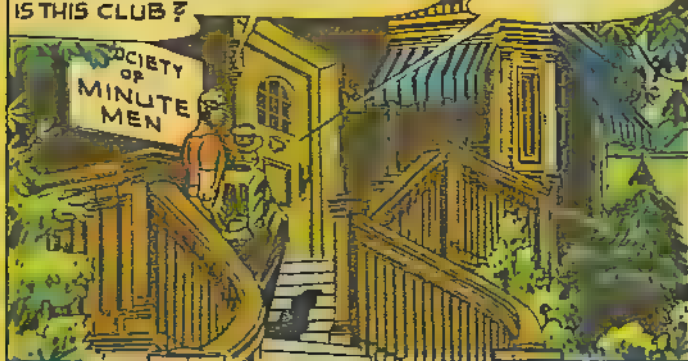
"A Crime a Minute!"



JOHNNY QUICK REACHES A MYSTERIOUS DOOR WITH HIS SIDEKICK, TUBBY WATTS...

TUBBY, THIS CLUB SENT YOU AN INVITATION ADDRESSED TO ME, BECAUSE YOU'RE MY FRIEND! VERY UNDERSTANDABLE...BUT WHAT IS THIS CLUB?

MAYBE THEY'RE VETERANS OF THAT OLD-TIME MINUTE-MAN ARMY! HUH?



ARE YOU KIDDING? THEY'D HAVE TO BE ABOUT 180 YEARS OLD, TO BE VETS FROM THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR!

SO WHAT? MAYBE THEY'VE BEEN EATING VITAMINS!



INSIDE THE CLUBROOM...

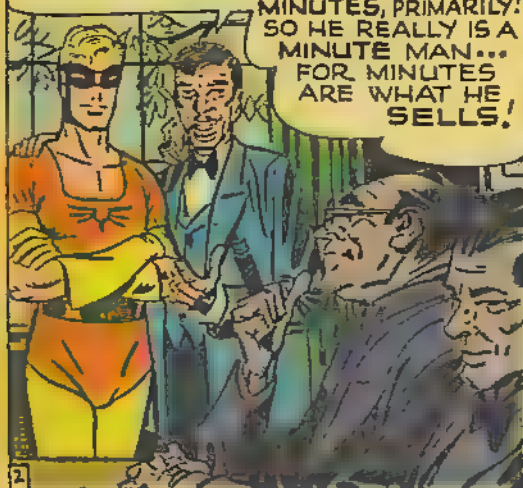
WELCOME, JOHNNY QUICK—WELCOME TO THE SOCIETY OF MINUTE MEN.



NATURALLY YOU'RE WONDERING WHY WE CALL OURSELVES THE MINUTE MEN. IT'S VERY SIMPLE... YOU SEE, OUR LIVELIHOODS... AND SOMETIMES OUR LIVES, DEPEND UPON—*MINUTES!*

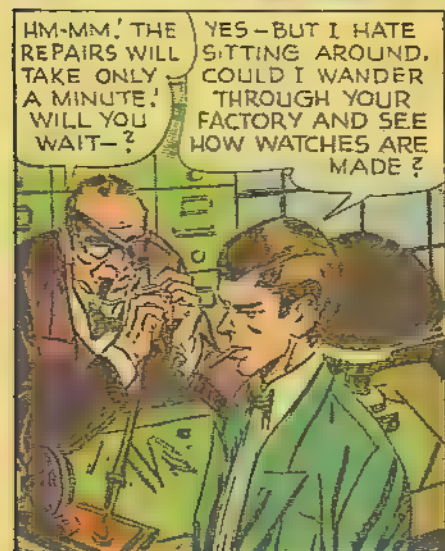
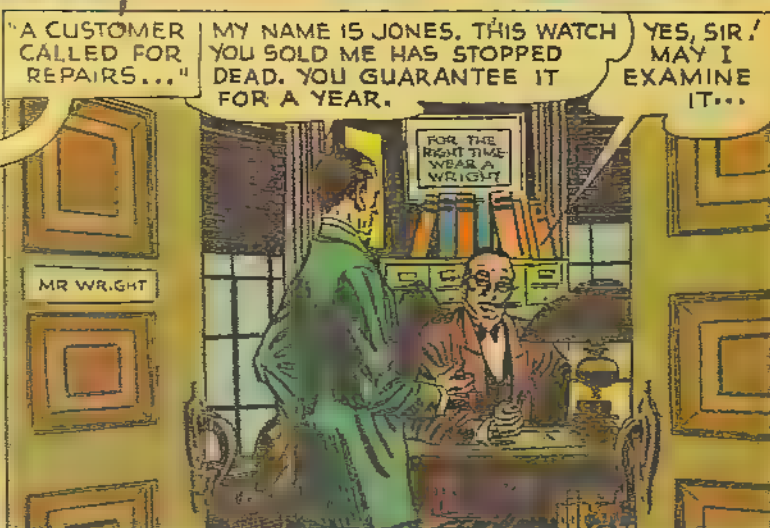
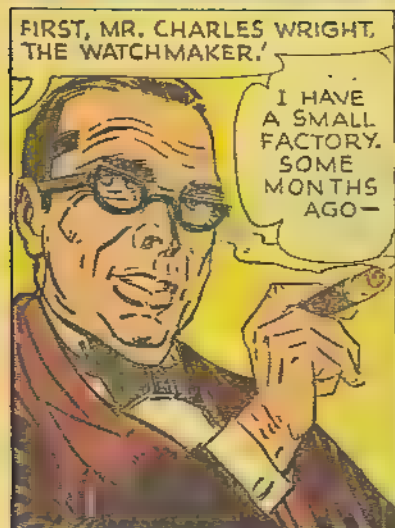
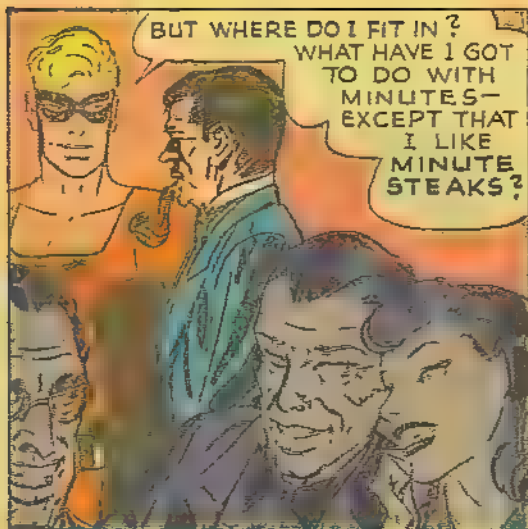


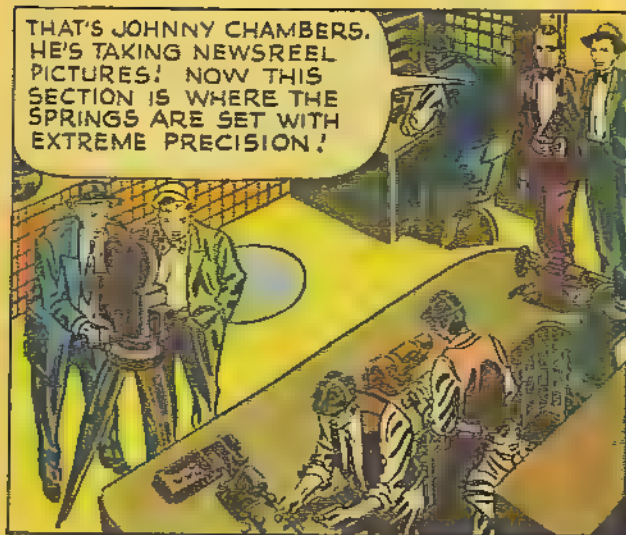
CHARLES WRIGHT, HERE, MANUFACTURES WATCHES. AND WATCHES MARK OFF MINUTES, PRIMARILY! SO HE REALLY IS A MINUTE MAN... FOR MINUTES ARE WHAT HE SELLS!



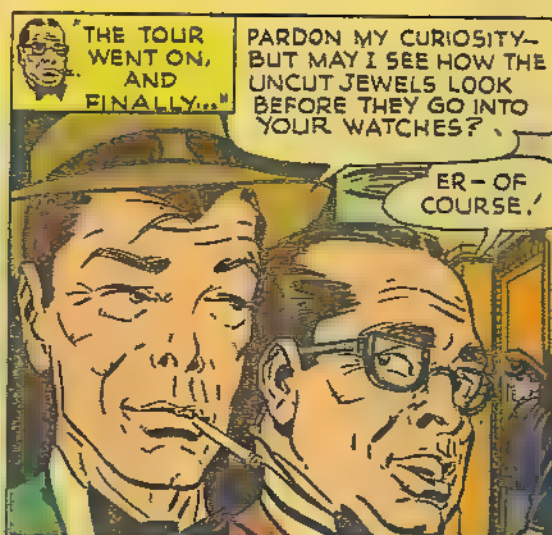
MINUTES ARE VITAL TO ERIC TOWNSEND, TOO. HE DIRECTS THE "MINUTE RACE" RADIO SHOW! OUR MINUTE WOMAN IS MABEL GREEN. SHE TELLS YOU THE TIME, TO THE MINUTE, WHEN YOU DIAL THE TELEPHONE.







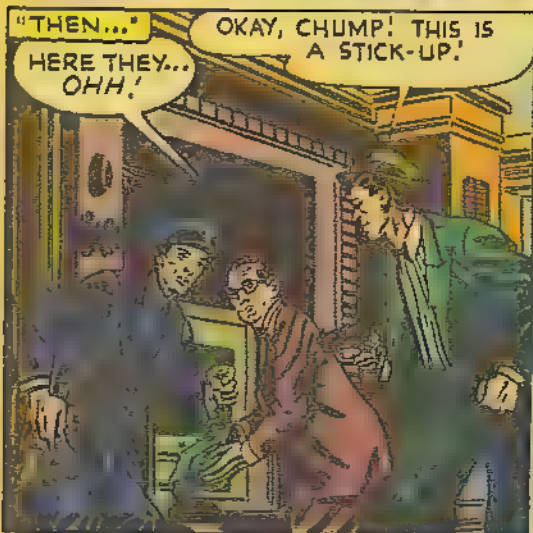
THAT'S JOHNNY CHAMBERS. HE'S TAKING NEWSREEL PICTURES! NOW THIS SECTION IS WHERE THE SPRINGS ARE SET WITH EXTREME PRECISION!



THE TOUR WENT ON, AND FINALLY...

PARDON MY CURIOSITY— BUT MAY I SEE HOW THE UNCUT JEWELS LOOK BEFORE THEY GO INTO YOUR WATCHES?

ER— OF COURSE!



"THEN..."

HERE THEY... OH!

OKAY, CHUMP! THIS IS A STICK-UP!



NO YOU DON'T-UGH!

DOWN YOU GO— YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE BETWEEN ME AND A GETAWAY!

"BUT THE CROOK WAS WRONG, FOR SUDDENLY YOU APPEARED— FROM WHERE I'LL NEVER KNOW!"

JOHNNY QUICK! HE'S DODGING THE BULLETS! I'LL KEEP HIM AWAY TILL I GET OUTA HERE.



NOTE:

MR. WRIGHT IS UNAWARE THAT JOHNNY CHAMBERS IS IN REALITY JOHNNY QUICK, AND THAT HE BECOMES THE MASTER SPEEDSTER BY SPEAKING THE MAGIC FORMULA

3X2(9YZ)4A

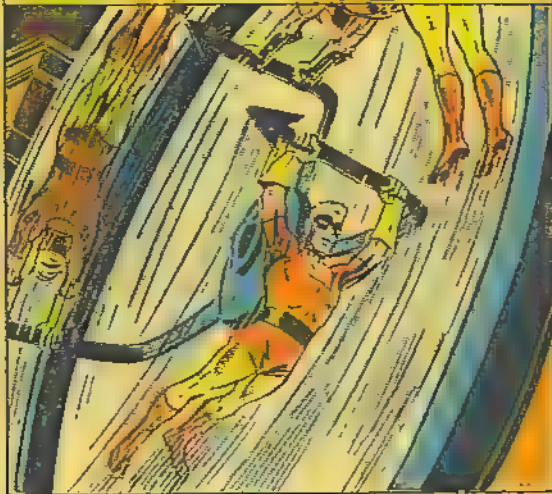
"THEN YOU SHOT DOWN THE AISLE LIKE A SKY-ROCKET! OF COURSE, YOU HAD A PLAN..."



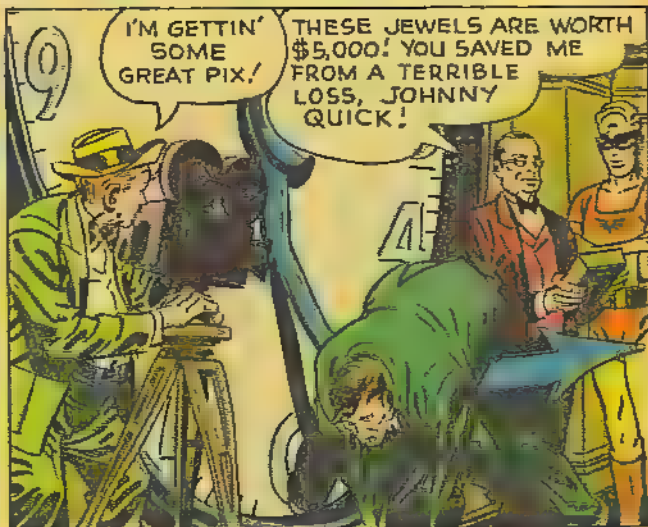
"YOU WERE SO FAST, THE CROOK WAS UNAWARE YOU WERE ALREADY AHEAD, BENDING THE MINUTE HAND OF MY HUGE DISPLAY CLOCK..."



"YOU GAVE IT A GOOD SPIN AND..."



"THE CROOK RAN RIGHT INTO IT!"

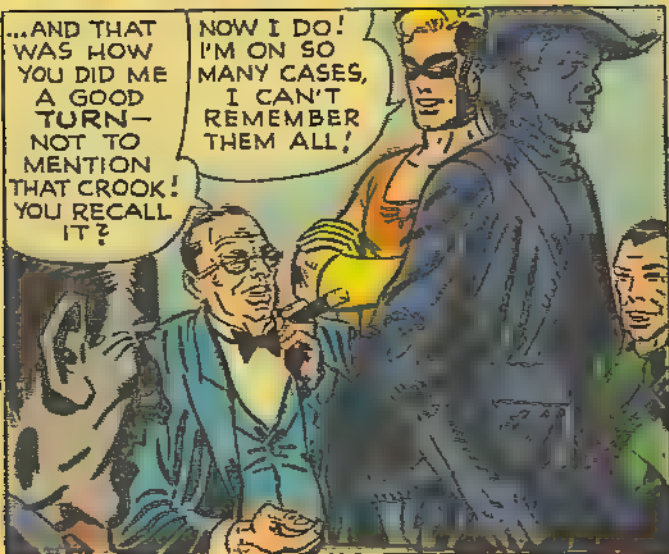


"I'M GETTIN' SOME GREAT PIX!"

THESE JEWELS ARE WORTH \$5,000! YOU SAVED ME FROM A TERRIBLE LOSS, JOHNNY QUICK!

...AND THAT WAS HOW YOU DID ME A GOOD TURN—NOT TO MENTION THAT CROOK! YOU RECALL IT?

NOW I DO! I'M ON SO MANY CASES, I CAN'T REMEMBER THEM ALL!



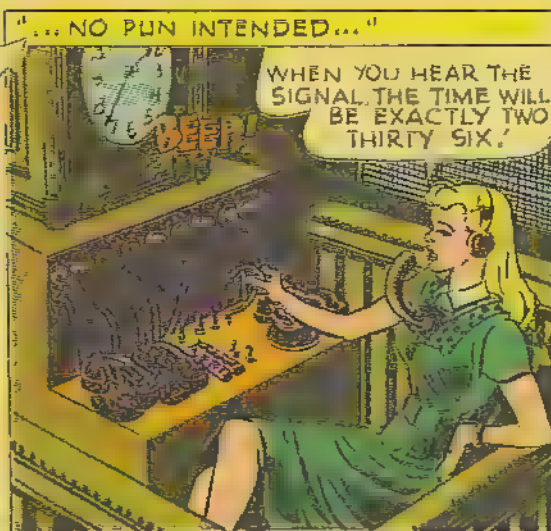
BUT YOU LOOK FAMILIAR, MISS GREEN...

WE MET LAST YEAR... AT A SWITCH-BOARD...



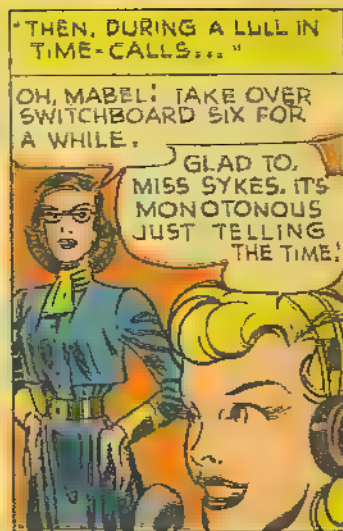


ONE AFTERNOON
I WAS AT MY JOB,
PLUGGING AWAY...



"...NO PUN INTENDED..."

WHEN YOU HEAR THE
SIGNAL, THE TIME WILL
BE EXACTLY TWO
THIRTY SIX.



"THEN, DURING A LULL IN
TIME-CALLS..."

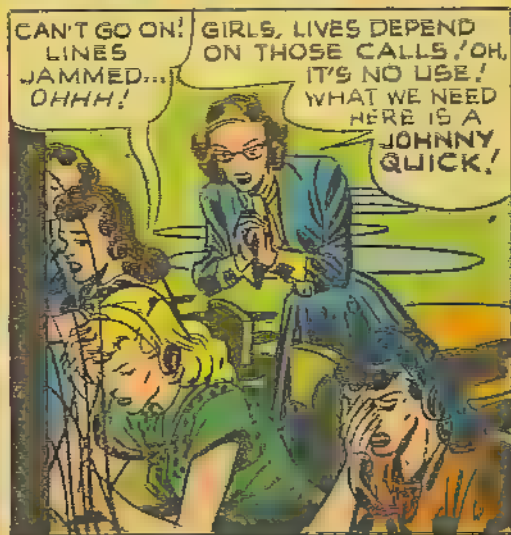
OH, MABEL! TAKE OVER
SWITCHBOARD SIX FOR
A WHILE.

GLAD TO,
MISS SYKES. IT'S
MONOTONOUS
JUST TELLING
THE TIME!



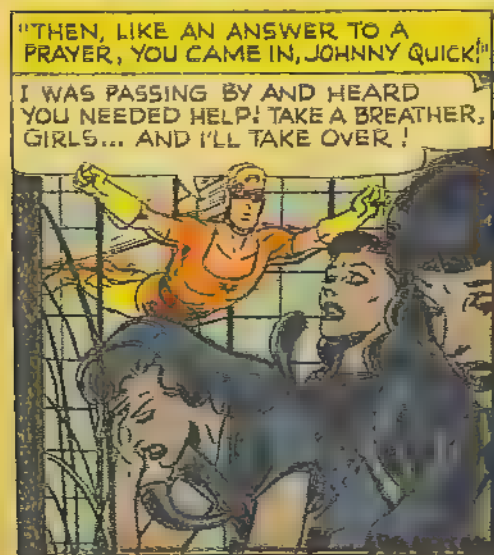
CHEMICAL PLANT
EXPLODED!

GET THE
POLICE!
BIG FIRE!
PUT ME
THROUGH!



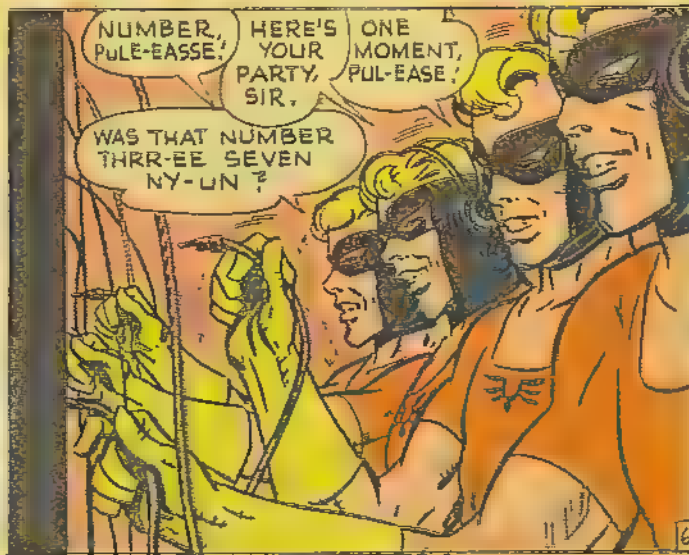
CAN'T GO ON!
LINES
JAMMED...
OH!!!

GIRLS, LIVES DEPEND
ON THOSE CALLS / OH,
IT'S NO USE!
WHAT WE NEED
HERE IS A
JOHNNY QUICK!



"THEN, LIKE AN ANSWER TO A
PRAYER, YOU CAME IN, JOHNNY QUICK!"

I WAS PASSING BY AND HEARD
YOU NEEDED HELP! TAKE A BREATH,
GIRLS... AND I'LL TAKE OVER!



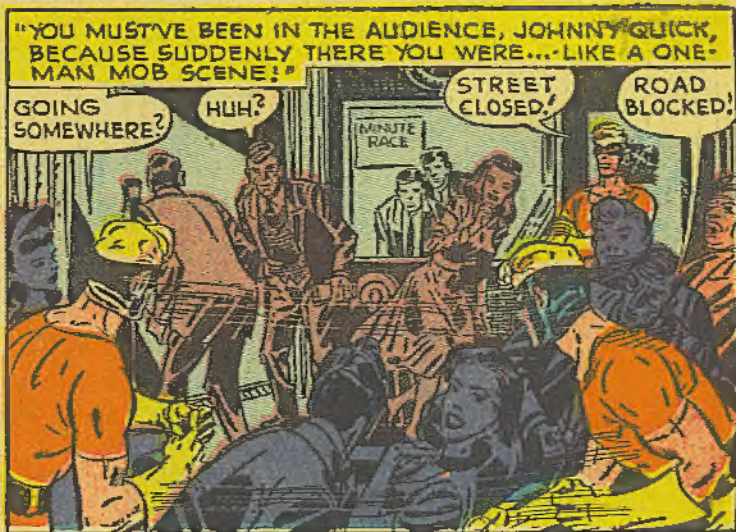
NUMBER, PULE-EASSE!

HERE'S
YOUR
PARTY,
SIR.

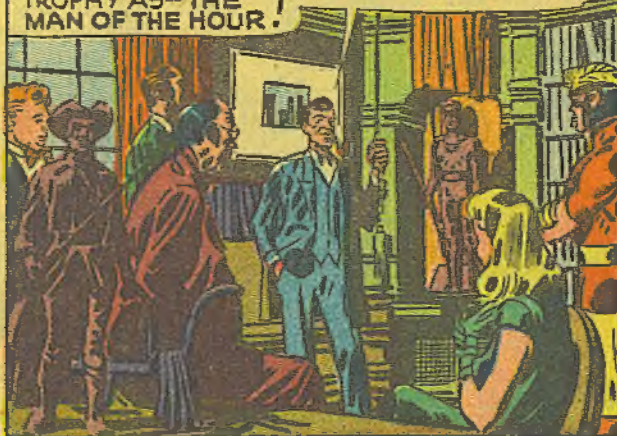
ONE
MOMENT,
PUL-EASSE!

WAS THAT NUMBER
THRR-EE SEVEN
NY-UN?





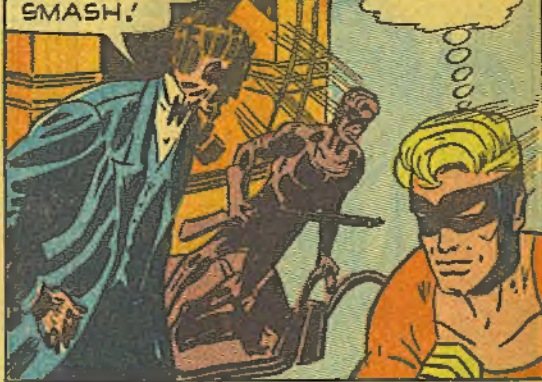
AND SO, JOHNNY QUICK, FOR YOUR EFFORTS IN BEHALF OF OUR MEMBERS, WE ARE PROUD AND HAPPY TO AWARD YOU THIS TROPHY AS—THE MAN OF THE HOUR!



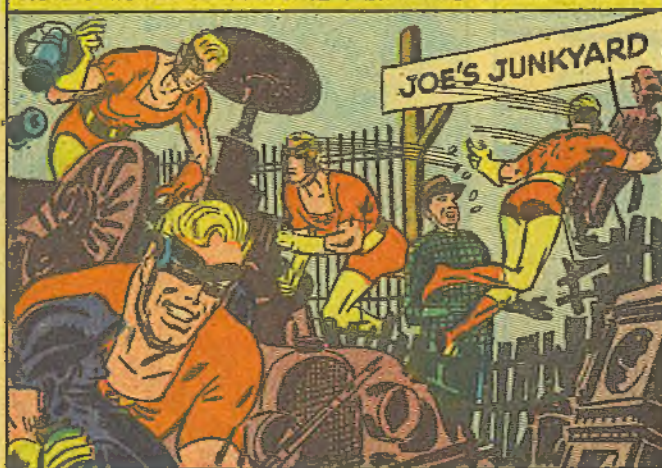
BUT ABRUPTLY...

THE CORD—IT WAS CAUGHT! THE TROPHY IS GOING TO SMASH!

OH-OH! IT'S CRACKING ALREADY! THIS'LL BREAK THE HEARTS OF THESE NICE PEOPLE—I'VE GOT TO LEAVE—FAST!



NEVER BEFORE IN HIS BLAZING CAREER HAS JOHNNY QUICK MOVED AT A MORE BLINDING SPEED...



THE TRICK IS TO GET BACK TO THE CLUBROOM BEFORE THE MEMBERS REALIZE THAT THEIR STATUE FELL AND CRACKED TO BITS!

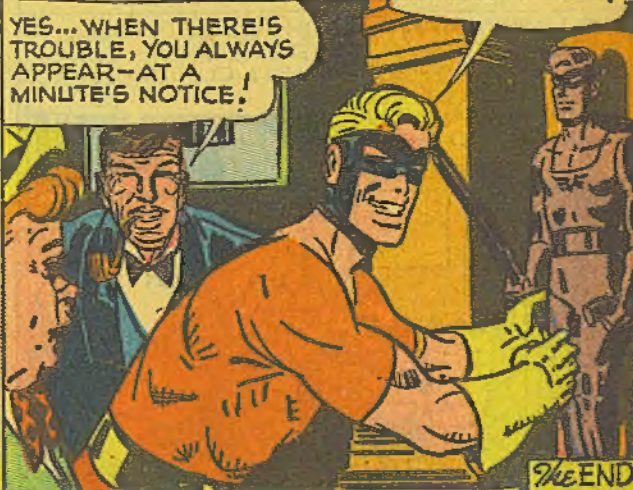


WITH ANOTHER BURST OF SPEED, THE DECEPTION IS COMPLETE! BACK AT THE CLUB...



AWAY GOES THE DEBRIS IN THE WINK OF AN EYE!

WELL! WASN'T IT LUCKY I CAUGHT THE STATUE BEFORE IT FELL?



YES...WHEN THERE'S TROUBLE, YOU ALWAYS APPEAR—AT A MINUTE'S NOTICE!

THE END

ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE

